

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL
MAGAZINE FOR MEN

PET OF
THE MONTH
**MARY
MOODY**
SHOWS
US HER
CRASH PAD

PLUS:

THE DEATH OF
COLLEGE HUMOR

TASHA REIGN
EXPOSES HERSELF

WE SOLD OUR SOULS
FOR A BOTTLE OF WINE

THE BRING BACK BUSH ISSUE

LOVE TRIANGLE

WAX NOSTALGIC WITH
HISTORY'S BEST COIFFED
FANCY BITS

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FROM THE EDITOR

Is anyone else completely frustrated by the current election cycle? Perhaps frustrated is the wrong word. I'm troubled by it. Ashamed...as if I should apologize to every foreign tourist I meet.

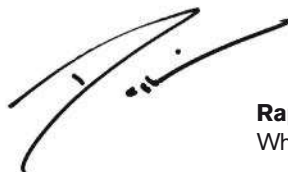
What? Apologize? This is America! The greatest fucking country in the world!

There is a tense disconnect between the cultural evolutions we, as a society, are advancing compared with the mudslinging nastiness displayed by the current battle for the White House. We demand our products be cruelty-free and environmentally responsible. We demand our food be organic and non-GMO. And we (are at least starting to) embrace our human differences and support a credo of social equality.

Yet, somehow, this civil progression has completely eluded the political arena. We are in the throes of one of the most vicious election cycles in recent history. This race has devolved so remarkably, I almost can't remember why I was so offended waaay back when the Orange One implied that Megyn Kelly was on her period.

I catch myself longing for simpler times and simpler scandals. Back when swift boats dotted the seascape and *The Pet Goat* prevailed over the Twin Towers.

Does this vision of yesteryear actually exist? Were things really better for us 10 years ago? 20 years ago? Probably not, but I can't stop my mind from drifting back to the Good Ol' Days of *Bush*.



Raphie Aronowitz

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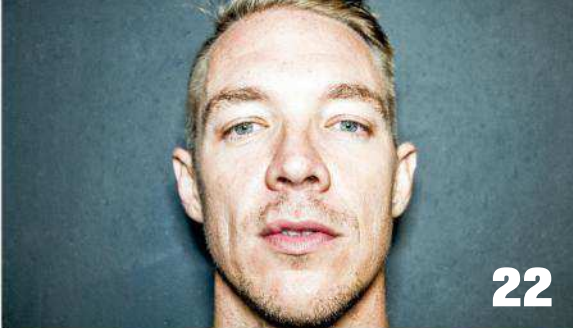




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HAIL MARY

November Pet of the
Month Mary Moody Shows
Us Her Crash Pad.



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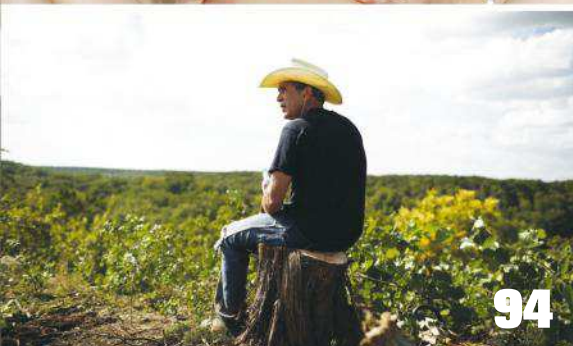
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September 2016 Pet of the Month, Misty Lovelace

MAIL DOMINANCE

FLABBERGASTED

I wore a "Penthouse Talent Scout" T-shirt to my local Kmart and actually forgot I was wearing it. There was this cute short girl following me around the store. I thought it was kinda odd. At the checkout counter, she asked me if I was really a talent scout. I laughed and told her that I was not. She asked if I had any idea how to audition. I'm not sure she would make the cut, as your girls are hot. She wasn't really that hot, but I wouldn't mind seeing her nude and in the sack. I'll probably never see her again, though.

—Butch via email

[Ed: WHAT?! WHEN SOMEONE ASKS IF YOU ARE A PENTHOUSE TALENT SCOUT, YOU SAY "YES!" PLUS, HOW DIFFICULT IS IT FOR YOU TO REMEMBER WHATHEFUCK@PENTHOUSE.COM?]

DEAD TO ME

I just got both the Penthouse and Playboy September issues. Playboy is officially dead to me. I didn't really care for the September

Penthouse issue, either. You have a lot of readers that identify as conservative and the article on Trump kind of killed it for me.

—James G. via email

[Ed: Cheer up, James. We are an equal opportunity offender. We'll be picking on someone else in no time.]

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

You asked for feedback on your so-called "improved" Penthouse—IT SUCKS BIG TIME! It is not a sign of weakness to admit you made a mistake and correct it.

—Edgar H. via USPS

[Ed: Thanks, Edgar.]

ANOTHER FINE POINT

Having Pets play with a cock or another woman is even more fun. Nicole Aniston just starred in *Cheri's* last issue doing it with another lesbo, getting her cunt licked like mad. You need this action in Penthouse.

—"Bill Smith" via USPS

[Ed: How do you know they're both lesbians?]

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I'm really upset. I just found my first grey pubic hair. It was between my teeth.

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That first crack of thunder sounded like a bomb just fell on Ramshorn Peak. Black clouds rolled in and the wind shook the trees. I had ventured off the trail on my own, gambled with the weather and now I was trapped in the forest. Miles from camp. Surrounded by wilderness and watching eyes. I knew that if I was going to make it through the night I needed to find shelter and build a fire... fast. As the first raindrops fell, I reached for my **Stag Hunter Knife**.

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— D., Houston, Texas



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LETTER OF THE MONTH

DRESSED TO THRILL

MY younger brother got married a few months ago. I was his best man, so his bride (my future sister-in-law) had given me very specific instructions on the color and style of the tuxedo she wanted me to wear. She coordinated everything with my wife, who sent me in the right direction whenever they needed me to do something.

First, we drove to the mall so I could get fitted for the tux. My wife pointed out the rental spot and then went off to do some shopping of her own. I hate shopping, so I secretly hoped we would both be done as quickly as possible.

When I walked into the rental shop, a woman of around thirty smiled and greeted me right away. She was wearing a tight summer dress and librarian glasses that framed her blue eyes, her dark hair pulled back into a tight bun. She was fun to look at, and I couldn't help but wonder how hot she would be with her long hair down and those glasses off. I snapped out of my

fantasy when she asked what my inseam was. I had no idea, since I'm more of a jeans-and-T-shirt guy. She smiled and told me to follow her to the back of the shop where she could measure me.

We walked into a room that was so small I could reach the walls with my arms extended. There were mirrors on three walls, and she closed the door on the fourth. She instructed me to step onto the carpeted platform and relax. When she placed her hands on my hips and turned me towards her, I instantly felt my dick twitch as thoughts of her going down on me flashed through my mind. She knelt with her measuring tape and my blowjob fantasy kicked into high gear. I could see right down her shirt, and her cleavage was practically spilling out. Her tits were so big that I wondered how I hadn't noticed them till now.

She measured the inside of my leg—which I now know is my inseam—and brushed her hand against my ball sac. I started to get excited and felt the blood rush to my cock. When she looked up at me, I knew I was busted. I tried to think of something

to say to break the tension, but she beat me to it. "This would be a lot easier if you removed your pants." I'll never forget those words ... those wonderful words that gave me the story of a lifetime.

I knew she'd caught me staring down her blouse, so I didn't care when I pulled my jeans down and she saw that I had a chubby. But she kept it all business. I closed my eyes, let out a deep breath, and tried to keep things cool as she took my measurements. A moment later, I felt her fingers slide into my briefs. Her hand was soft and warm, and I was in shock that this was happening. She gently rubbed my dick, pulled it out, and put her big pink lips around my shaft. I took her glasses off and tossed them gently to the floor. I reached down to feel her tits, and her nipples were so hard they were poking through her blouse. With her free hand, she undid the buttons, unclasped her bra, and her boobs bounced to freedom.

She slid her hand up and down my shaft with a twisting motion as she flicked her tongue on the head of my dick. I was already close to the edge and wanted to come right then. She slid her panties off from under her dress and hiked her skirt up her curvy hips. She was completely shaved, and I could smell her excitement. The room was so small that she bumped into me as she stood. She put her arms around my neck, wrapped a leg around my waist, and slid my rod against her clit a few times. She quietly moaned with pleasure and I loved that she took total control. I felt her hot tightness around me as my dick slid into her dripping wet pussy.

I grabbed her other leg and lifted her up so she could wrap them both around my back. I cupped my hands on her ass and pushed her up and down on my cock, going so deep I'm betting she felt it in her throat. I watched everything in the trimirrors of the room and it was hotter than anything I'd ever seen. She squeezed her thighs tightly around me and drove her pussy into my groin as she humped wildly. Her warm breath in my ear, her legs around





“
SHE SLID HER
HAND UP AND DOWN
MY SHAFT AS SHE
FLICKED HER TONGUE
ON THE HEAD OF
MY DICK.

”

my ass, and her scorching hot cunt sent me into another world. I put one of her nipples in my mouth and bit down gently as I fucked her as fast as I could. Her leg-lock grip tightened around me as she dipped her ass lower to get me deeper inside of her.

Suddenly she buried her face into my neck to muffle her screams, and I felt her pussy contract and pulsate against my dick. She shook, shuddered, and came hard. The intensity of her orgasm was more than I could handle, and I blew my load inside her. I felt my knees weaken so I leaned against one of the walls to keep my footing. We stayed like that for a moment—me leaning against the wall and holding her up as jizz slowly dripped out onto the carpeted pedestal.

We got dressed and left the closet as if nothing had happened. But I was at a loss for words anyway.

“Your tuxedo will be ready in ten days,” she said. “I’m looking forward to seeing you when you pick it up. It may be a good idea to bring your wife, so she can watch you try it on.”

I instantly knew what she meant. The thought of having this big-titted beauty with my wife at the same time almost made me come again. Would my wife be game? I had ten days to find out.

—B. Pertman, Council Bluffs, IA

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

Seeing is believing. When you’ve had the encounter you’ve been hoping for, let us know about it! Send your letters to: *Penthouse* magazine, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA USA 91311, or email us at Letters@penthouse.com.



B

THE DEBRIEF



THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE PUSSIES

PHOTO: © 1986 UNITED ARTISTS - MGM





WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

CLINT EASTWOOD THINKS WE'RE ALL PUSSIES

WE'RE not sure if this qualifies as Good, Bad, or just Ugly, but in a recent interview with *Esquire*, Clint Eastwood had this to say about the various outrages spouting from Republican presidential nominee Donald Trump's face-hole: "Just fucking get over it. It's a sad time in American history."

Eastwood, 86, has been playing a gruff curmudgeon ever since *Unforgiven* and *Million Dollar Baby*, and has never shied away from talking politics. After all, the former mayor of idyllic Carmel-by-the-Sea, California, provided America with one of Ronald Reagan's butchest sound bites in

the 1980s when the Gipper appropriated a *Dirty Harry* catchphrase while staring down tax-increase legislation: "Go ahead, make my day." Eastwood reprised the line at the 2012 Republican National Convention when he spoke to an empty chair (signifying Barack Obama). It was weird. He wasn't invited back in 2016.

So in the era of Trump, Eastwood thinks that the Orange One's Muslim- and Mexican-baiting isn't anything to get our panties in a bunch over. "Those things weren't called racist," Eastwood says, referring to the halcyon *Gunsmoke* days when, for example, hysterical

hotel owners drained whole swimming pools if a person of color dipped a toe in. "We're really in a pussy generation," he continues. "Everybody's walking on eggshells."

Eastwood has been the backbone of some of the most iconic films of the last half century, so he knows a little about America. But he's also a blue-eyed white guy whose gender, sexuality, race, and nationality were never an obstacle for his finding work or acceptance. So Clint, why don't you let someone else bitch about political correctness and hook us up with *Gran Torino 2*?



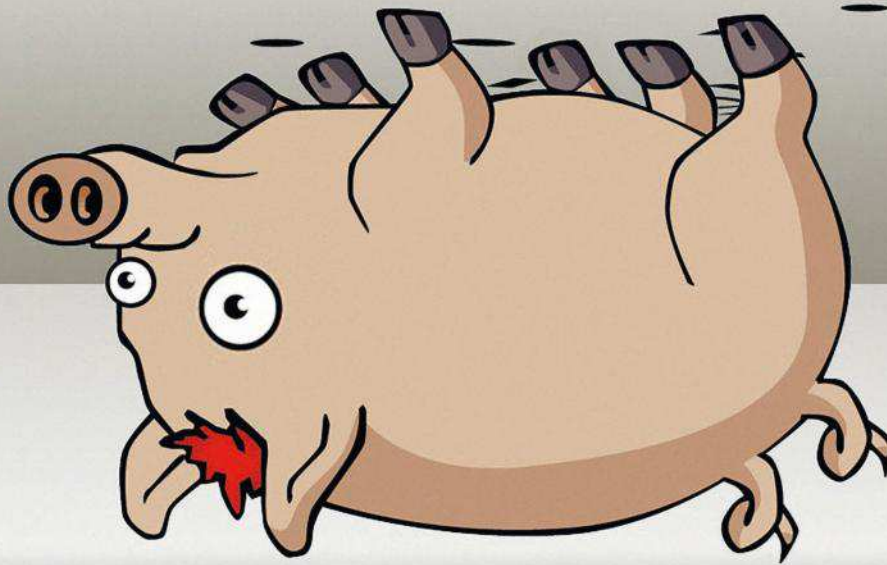
REDEFINING BISEXUAL

SOME guys are luckier than others. One in particular recently appeared on an "Ask Me Anything" Reddit thread to tell the world about a little benefit in his current relationship. Before they started dating, his soon-to-be girlfriend revealed that she was born with a rare condition known as "uterine didelphys," which means she has two cervixes. But in her case, she has the added bonus of having two vaginas as well.

Under the alias of "twicethefunn," the boyfriend has been bombarded with all kinds of questions from Redditors about the couple's sex life. He mentioned that he "prefers the right [vagina] because it's what she prefers and it gets the job[s] done." The couple claims to have been together for two years, but say they haven't experimented a whole lot (other than when they're drunk), and triple penetration has never really been in the cards.

So for single guys who crave variety in their sex lives, maybe you ought to hold out before you dive into your next relationship—two vaginas might just be out there waiting for you.

PHOTO: ISTOCK / DANILOANDJUS ISTOCK / SAMARO



LOOK OUT, HE IS THE SPIDER PIG

THROUGHOUT history, civilizations have immortalized themselves with mythical hybrid creatures. Egypt has the Sphinx, Greek mythology has the Centaur, and now Mexico says, "Move over chupacabra, here comes the spider pig!" At a pig farm belonging to the Murillo family in the state of Sinaloa, a pig has given birth to what London's *Mirror* called a "spider pig."

Yes, in 2016, Homer Simpson's glorious fantasy of a pig with the attributes of a spider has finally been

realized south of the border. Sadly, the piglet, born with eight legs and two tails, died shortly after birth.

One can only imagine the confused horror of the Murillo family at the moment the arachnid porker fell to the floor—encased in goo, looking like H.R. Giger's backup plan for *Alien*.

Experts believe the increased use of pesticides has contributed to the deformities, resulting from two piglets fused in the womb. A similar eight-legged piglet was born in Argentina in March.



BUZZ KILL

THIS past summer, enterprising inmate gardeners managed to grow 28 cannabis plants undetected in an Australian prison vegetable patch as part of the institution's "horticultural training program." Some of the plants were over 18 inches tall.

The Fulham Correctional Center in Victoria is operated by the GEO Group, an international private prison firm that was recently given its walking papers by the U.S. Department of Justice. It holds roughly 900 male inmates in medium security. No one is sure how the inmates planned to use their stash, whether for personal use or to sell.

"It is embarrassing. These things shouldn't happen inside a prison," Corrections Commissioner Jan Shuard told a local radio station.

If you read last month's *Penthouse*, you'll know that pornography is currently banned in most prisons. Now the Man has come for your trees, too?



MOTEL ROOM NUT JOB

IN what can only be described as a huge cock-up, an Australian man has been arrested for the unauthorized surgical removal of another man's testicle.

The incident occurred in May when the 52-year-old victim posted an ad "requesting assistance with a medical issue." The man had been suffering for years after being kicked in the balls by a horse and was unable to afford proper medical care.

Allan George Matthews, 57, an amateur surgeon, responded to the ad and the two met in a motel, where he

removed the man's left testicle. Given the environment and the low-grade medical equipment used, the wound became infected and the victim was hospitalized a week later. Matthews was arrested and pled guilty to assault, in addition to other charges.

Brad Frankum, State President of the Australian Medical Association, commented, "You should always see your doctor about health issues and ensure they are correctly diagnosed before taking any further action." But some people will always be nuts.

TWIN SOME, LOSE SOME

YOU'VE heard of Russian nesting dolls—a doll within a doll within a doll. And you must have seen the movie *Inception*—a dream within a dream within a dream. Can you guess where this is going?

Recently in India, a one-year-old girl named Nisha was taken to the hospital after her parents became concerned about her breathing problems and swollen stomach. According to *India Today*, doctors performed an ultrasound and found what they thought was a giant cyst, filling her abdomen and displacing her organs. Nisha was referred to pediatric and laparoscopic surgeon Dr. D. Vijayagiri, who then diagnosed her with a condition even more horrifying: fetus-in-fetu.

Fetus-in-fetu is essentially a nesting-doll situation: It occurs when a parasitic twin resides inside the host—in this case, Nisha—and feeds off her blood supply, growing until it is eventually removed. The surgery to remove the twin is highly complicated because, as stated by Dr. Vijayagiri, "The parasitic twin will be densely adherent to the host organs."

A case like Nisha's happens once in every ten million patients. Even with the odds stacked against them, surgeons managed to successfully remove the entire mass, and Nisha is expected to make a full recovery.



DOUBLE DISEASE

EVER since a 1993 *Seinfeld* episode exposed the social faux pas of double dipping ("That's like putting your whole mouth right in the dip!"), Americans have been more conscientious—at least when people can see them—about the satisfying yet forbidden practice. But now, Harvard's HEALTHbeat newsletter details exactly how far one has fallen if he decides to go for a second dive in the dip dish.

According to the folks at Harvard, glandular fever, strains of herpes, and even tuberculosis can all be passed on through residual saliva lurking in dips. If you think creamy, cheesy, dairy dips are the main offenders, think again. Because of their thinner consistency, salsa dips cover more of the chip surface area, creating greater potential for disease-causing bacteria to breed.

As grown-ass gentlemen, we know the proper way of addressing this dilemma is to break the carrot, celery stick, chip, what have you, into manageable pieces first, then dip the individual pieces, leaving enough room so that our filthy fingers don't touch the dip. People who don't do this are probably part spider pig. Probably.

TURTLE BURGER: A LOVE STORY

A CHINESE man has reportedly attempted a new first in air travel: He tried to smuggle his pet turtle onboard a flight, disguising as a KFC hamburger. (They make hamburgers?!?!)

Mr Li was going through routine airport security checks when an X-ray detected something unusual in his luggage. A security officer raised an alert regarding "odd protrusions" that were poking out from what looked like a hamburger packed in with Li's belongings. Airport staff determined that the protrusions looked suspiciously like turtle limbs, and asked if they could inspect Li's bag.

"There's no turtle in there, just a hamburger," Li reportedly told them.

Nevertheless, airport staff insisted they look for themselves, and surprise: It was a fucking turtle. Mr. Li admitted to the crime and told police he simply wanted to fly with his "beloved turtle." So he put him inside a burger bun, wrapped him in a paper bag, put him in his luggage, and exposed him to X-rays. What says love more than that?

Li claims he was inspired while eating a Zinger Burger at KFC, when he noticed the similarity of the size and shape of the burger to his turtle. Kinda sweet, actually.



COCKROACHES HAVE NIPPLES?

SO you're tired of run-of-the-mill dairy products. Cow juice just isn't the same sweet ambrosia of your cookie-loving youth. What about cockroach milk? We're not sure how good it is, but scientists have found that this newly-discovered superfood may be the answer to future food crises.

The "milk" is produced by the Pacific beetle cockroach, a Hawaiian native and the only cockroach known to give birth instead of laying eggs. Manufactured in the gut and excreted through the abdomen, it comes in the form of crystals which Mama then feeds to her babies.

Scientists in India discovered that the crystalline milk is one of the most nutritious substances on Earth, and

contains more than three times the amount of energy found in buffalo milk, which is richer than cow's milk. It also contains every essential protein. And it doesn't stop there. Due to the molecular composition of the milk's proteins, fats, and sugars, it also has a built-in slow-release mechanism. This means less of a blood-sugar spike, and more continuous nutrition from the point of ingestion onward.

What? Hesitant about nursing on a roach? Most of us are already accustomed to the idea of drinking the liquid that comes from a cow's tit. And when you consider that cows can't survive a nuclear war and cockroaches can, the choice becomes abundantly clear.

MOM OF THE MOMENT

NO CHARGES have been filed in England in a recent case of boob-hosing.

According to London's *Daily Mail*, a nursing mother from Kent squirted another woman with breast milk, using her hot, supple, not-at-all-sexualized boob as a weapon.

Her victim had complained that the public breasteeder was distracting

her husband and asked her to move somewhere else when the nursing mom, who's protected by Britain's Equality Act, mammed her tormentor down in the street.

The targeted victim then did what any reasonable person would do: she expressed her rage on Facebook.

We sort of wonder whose side Clint Eastwood would be on in this case.



BAREBNB

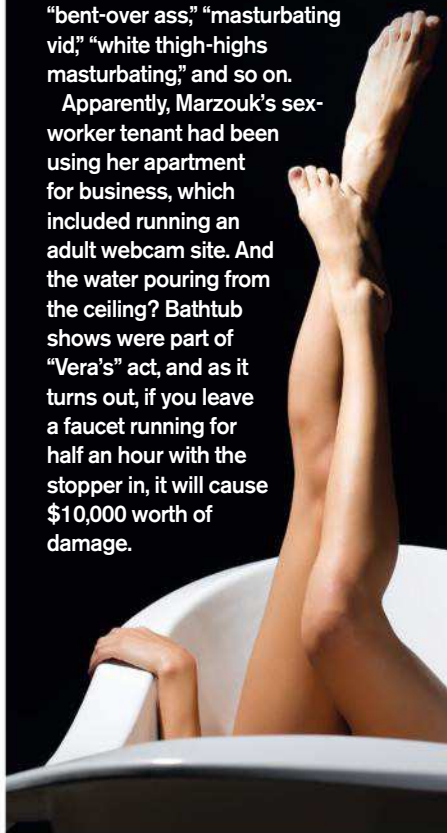
THERE are always risks associated with renting your home out to strangers—anything from small annoyances like food theft, to bigger issues like finding your basement transformed into a meth lab.

Sharon Marzouk of Menlo Park, California, got something in between.

"This was my first Airbnb host reservation from someone I didn't know," she wrote in a lengthy Facebook post about "Vera." "But seeing that she was a nice, smiling female in her mid-twenties, insisting that she was clean and easygoing and eager to book my room, I thought to myself...what could be the worst case?"

The problems began when Marzouk got a call that water was gushing from her second-floor apartment to the neighbor's home below. When she came home to check for damage she discovered a stash of telling items: a bag full of condoms, a vibrator, a bag of used tissues next to the bed, an array of "very" high-heeled shoes, and a handwritten checklist with to-do items like "bent-over ass," "masturbating vid," "white thigh-highs masturbating," and so on.

Apparently, Marzouk's sex-worker tenant had been using her apartment for business, which included running an adult webcam site. And the water pouring from the ceiling? Bathtub shows were part of "Vera's" act, and as it turns out, if you leave a faucet running for half an hour with the stopper in, it will cause \$10,000 worth of damage.



MELLON COLLIE AND THE INFINITE PEOPLE'S ELBOW

WWE's main rival, the lesser Total Nonstop Action (TNA), has inherited a new and unexpected president of the company: the frontman of nineties' alternative rock band Smashing Pumpkins, Billy Corgan. It may come as a shock to fans of his angsty musical career, but apparently Corgan has been a long-time wrestling nut. The transition into the business isn't new for him either: Corgan started his own independent wrestling organization in 2011, known as Resistance Pro.

According to IMPACTWrestling.com, the former president of TNA, Dixie Carter, will work alongside Corgan as chairman and chief strategic officer, and is excited about his influence in the company. She says, "Billy is a visionary, an iconic artist, and savvy businessman, with an incredibly gifted, creative mind. He has built a decades-long successful global brand, and also has a deep passion and understanding for professional wrestling." So, from now on, we can all look forward to hearing Corgan's piercingly nasal voice in a wrestling arena, rather than from a concert stage.

TNA has always been desperate to sign former WWE stars like Jeff Hardy, Rob Van Dam, Hulk Hogan, and Ric Flair, but they've never reached anywhere near the popularity of Vince McMahon's iconic powerhouse.

Corgan is enthusiastic. "I am committed to this great opportunity and will use all of my resources and connections to drive the success of this company," he says.

Jesus, just when we thought Billy Corgan couldn't get any more annoying.

HOT LITTLE THING

THERE aren't too many combinations of words that sound crazier than "volcano surfer." Maybe "tornado rodeo," but that still pales in comparison to the feat recently undertaken by 30-year-old Alison Teal, who became the first person to surf the base of an erupting volcano.


This thrill-seeking Hawaii resident, known as the "female Indiana Jones," regularly takes a support crew along to document her stunts. For this particular adventure, Teal and company took a five-hour trip by fishing boat to the waters at the base of Kilauea, the most active volcano of the five that form the island of Hawaii.

Among the flying spatters of molten rock, lethal fumes, sharp rocks, and boiling sections of water that can cook

a human in seconds, Teal paddled out on her hot pink board, in her hot pink bikini, for the ride of her life.

"This was a lifelong dream," Teal told London's *Daily Mail*. "It was an absolute endorphin high, but also terrifying. Anything could have happened." In one tense moment, Teal was nearly hit with a shower of rocks but the quick-thinking surfer managed to dive under the water for shelter.

The compelling and—yes, we have to say it—totally sexy adventure is detailed in a series of Instagram photos.

"I looked back and noticed a wave was coming, and I paddled for my life to get out of the danger zone." It was a decision that secured Teal a spot in the surfing history books. 

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White Rubber Tires & Built-in Stand

Rubber is white when manufactured, and charcoal is added later to dye it black. This process didn't start till later, so the Scout™ featured white rubber tires!

Bikes of the 1920s featured a rear stand (rather than side stand) to keep a cycle upright when not in use. With a simple flip up over the rear wheel, you were ready to go!

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ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?

BY CHRIS NIERATKO

1 / Cal Exotics Colt Expander Plug

Most happy stories don't involve the main character regaining consciousness, looking over, and seeing their best friend's lifeless, bloodied body strapped into the passenger seat of a car. And this ain't no happy story.

For God knows what reason, I'd agreed to interview some pop-punk band in the college town of Kingston, dubbed the drunkest town in all of New York state. To make the experience tolerable, I brought my good friend Noah along for the ride.

Although we attempted to validate Kingston's claims of drunkenness, we failed repeatedly for hours, until I decided to buy some pharmaceuticals from the student body to speed things along. I asked for uppers. They said they were selling me uppers. And when I washed them down I was certain they were uppers, and that I'd be going 120 mph in no time.

Instead, I experienced the next hour in time-lapse photography, catching every 10th, 20th, sometimes 50th frame of life before my shutter closed again. A few blinks later, I was doing 65, literally, behind the wheel of a rental car on some dark country road without a clue where I was headed. Noah kept asking if I wanted him to drive, but in my infinite stupidity I believed I had everything under control.

One of the photos etched in my head is of a blind turn, and me flooring it up a small hill rather than following the bend of the road. I don't recall launching the midsize Ford *Dukes of Hazzard*-style ... or jumping a car passing on the road below ... or crashing down so hard that the engine block pushed into the cab. But that's what the witness testified in a court of law, under oath, so it must be true.



I can tell you with certainty, however, that prior to the police arriving, and immediately after coming to, I attempted to pull the 3,000-pound vehicle to the side of the road by wrapping my arms around the steering wheel and throwing my back into it. I won't say I was successful, but I like to think I moved it at least a hair. Perhaps even an inch.

I'm a bit foggy on whether I was already in handcuffs when the firemen began cutting Noah out of the car, or if I still had my arms entangled in the steering wheel I'd ripped off the steering column, but either way, this Colt Expander butt plug reminds me of the jaws of life used to extract my buddy. Each and every use of the Colt triggers those same memories: As the butthole stretches wider, I half expect to see my friend's body being carried out by a team of firemen, which probably makes this the best sex toy on the market.

Rating: 10 CalExotics.com



2 / Evil Angel's Fashionistas Glass Rose Plug

As I sat in my jail cell, bleeding from my skull, believing I'd just killed my best friend in a drunken car accident, my thoughts drifted to his mother, whom he loved so dearly, and she him. I cried uncontrollably as I tried to type the words in my head that I'd use to apologize for murdering her only son. No words would come, aside from the simplest, "I'm sorry."

Hundreds of times, over and over, the snapping of each letter on my mental Underwood echoed in my head: I(space) A-M(space)S-O-R-R-Y. The more I typed, the more the words lost meaning, the worse I felt. I contemplated posting bail and fleeing to Canada. Perhaps hidden away in the majestic Great White North I could gather my thoughts and write her a truly heartfelt letter detailing the depths of my love for her boy. Maybe I could find the words to make sense of the irreparable damage my drunken foolishness had caused. I could also send a bouquet of roses with the letter. Dozens. No, thousands. All the roses. No roses left for anyone else. Ever.

Dear God, what if she's allergic to roses???

Now that more than a decade has passed, my friend having made a full recovery and me beating all attempted-murder charges, I wonder: Had I had sent this six-inch Evil Angel Fashionistas glass rose butt plug instead of the long-stemmed red roses I planned, would his mother have enjoyed and appreciated it?

The packaging promises, "Orgasmic bliss is just a sting away." I imagine the sting of losing a child must be one that never fades, so perhaps, just like my son being born on 9/11, this lovely rose-tipped borosilicate-glass toy could spin a negative into a positive. I mean, she was a widower who was quite ravishing for her age. Perhaps this would've been exactly what the doctor ordered to get her mind off her dead baby, especially since actual roses die quickly—a metaphor bound to trigger morbid thoughts.

Now that I've put some thought into it, I believe that Evil Angel's rose plug might just be the perfect gift for any occasion: death in the family, retirement, birthday, bat mitzvah, etc.

Rating: 9 IconBrands.com and EvilAngel.com

3 / TitanMen: The Fist with Vac-U-Lock Handle

My friend Jason Dill, who's an actor on Netflix's rom-com series *Love*, once said to me, "Chris, I don't want to be white as much as you don't want to be white."

It's true. I've been wanting to be black my entire life, for a bevy of reasons: penis size, style, rhythm, athleticism, Afro picks, and so on. I went through a phase in the mid-1990s, the greatest era in hip-hop history, where I only read black authors; *Soul on Ice* was my personal self-help book.

My biggest regret from that time was when legendary beat poet Amiri Baraka came to speak at my college and I was given a few minutes to take his portrait. I was young, dumb, and new to photography so didn't understand the meaning of backlighting. I snapped 12 photos of Mr. Baraka, arms crossed, in a stately reading chair...all with a massive lamp directly behind him. When I developed the film, I learned I'd ruined all 12 shots; his face was completely lost in shadow, no detail whatsoever.

A few years later, my friend Noah, who I nearly killed in the aforementioned car accident, had an opportunity to interview Baraka and asked me to tag along so I could get my chance at redemption. But I was too embarrassed and passed on the chance. I planned on someday making amends, but that day never came. Years turned to decades and before I knew it, the author had passed, in 2014.

I've told my wife this story numerous times since Adult Empire sent me the 13" TitanMen Black Fist, in hopes that she would feel some empathy towards my plight and realize that, in some small way, letting me use this fist on her would give me closure. It might not give power to the people, but its sturdy Vac-U-Lock Handle would give power to me. With her help, I could rise up and break the chains of these lifelong oppressive thoughts. I truly believe I could finally be free, if she would only allow me to black-fist her.

But she's not buying it.

She's damned me to a life of black envy.

I now keep this black fist on my office desk, beside one of the photos of Baraka I took, as a reminder of life's missed opportunities. Regret will kill you, friends, if you let it. My advice: Find someone willing to let you use this toy on them (or on you) because—holy shit!—it seems like it might just be the funnest thing ever made with human hands.

Rating: 9 Vac-U-Lock.com





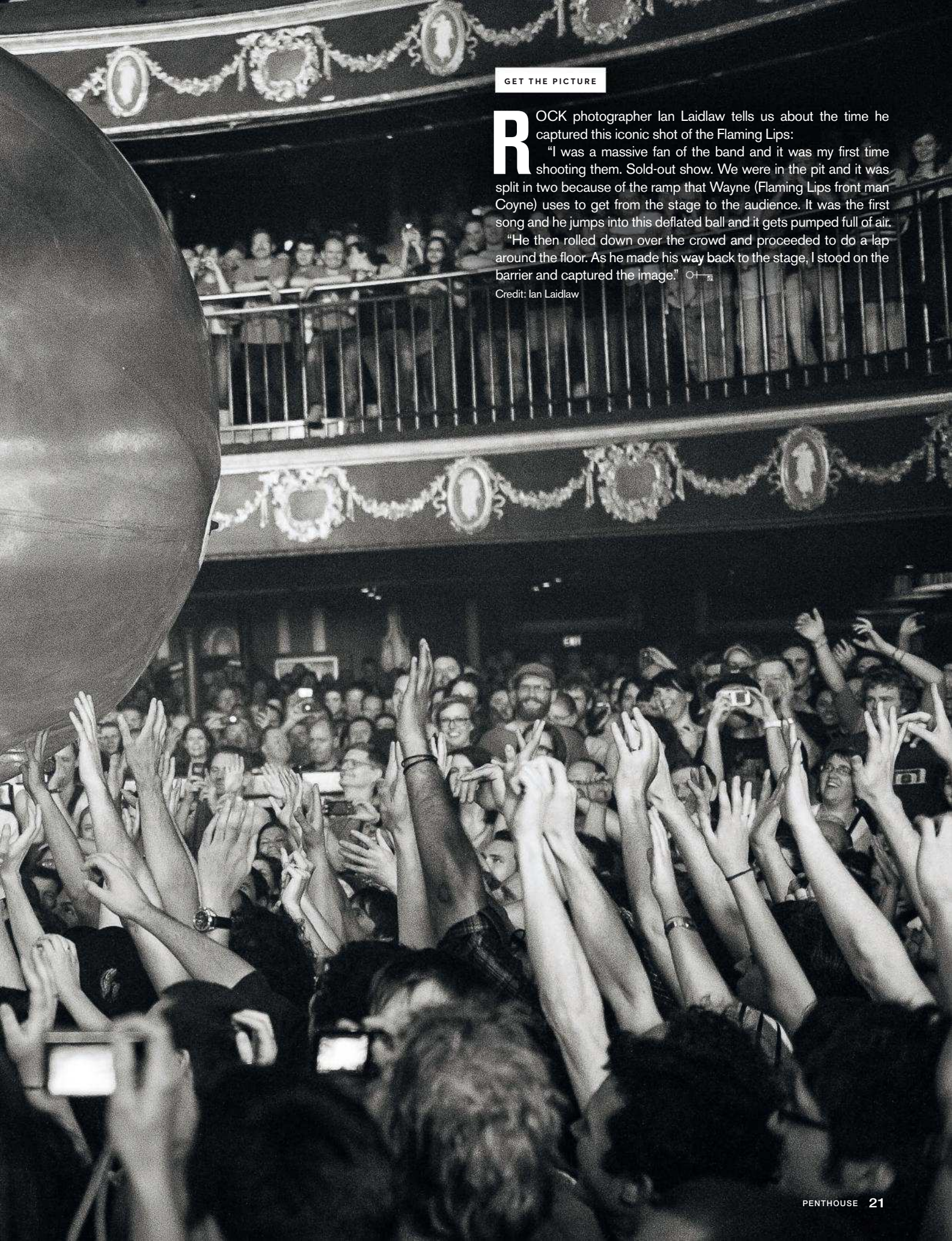
GET THE PICTURE

ROCK photographer Ian Laidlaw tells us about the time he captured this iconic shot of the Flaming Lips:

"I was a massive fan of the band and it was my first time shooting them. Sold-out show. We were in the pit and it was split in two because of the ramp that Wayne (Flaming Lips front man Coyne) uses to get from the stage to the audience. It was the first song and he jumps into this deflated ball and it gets pumped full of air.

"He then rolled down over the crowd and proceeded to do a lap around the floor. As he made his way back to the stage, I stood on the barrier and captured the image."

Credit: Ian Laidlaw



DIPLO


THE MULTITALENTED, GRAMMY-AWARD WINNING TASTEMAKER AND ENTREPRENEUR REDEFINES WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A MUSICIAN.

BORN in Mississippi as Thomas Pentz, the DJ/dance-hall king went to school in Miami before moving to Philadelphia, where he attended Temple University, would DJ on weekends, and eventually become a schoolteacher. Now based in Los Angeles, Diplo (short for Diplodocus, his favorite childhood dinosaur) still sports a distinct Panhandle drawl. But to look at him—blue-eyed with precise Teutonic features—you'd swear he hailed from Scandinavia or the Netherlands, not America's Dirty South.

Diplo first made waves as a DJ in the U.S., but it was at a London nightclub that hip-hop goddess M.I.A., impressed with his popular mixtapes, asked Diplo to collaborate on her 2007 album, *Kala*. The collaboration didn't stop with music though, and the two dated for five years, during which time Diplo met like-minded producer Switch, and the successful collaborative of Major Lazer was born. Switch later left the outfit, which eventually grew to include Trinidadian producer Jillionaire and Florida-based Walshy Fire. The music Major Lazer produces is a mix of mellow Jamaican dance-hall ambience injected with synthesized eighties disco beats—a quirky concoction that has produced hits like “Get Free” and, more recently, the Justin Bieber collaboration “Cold Water.”

As an musician, Diplo is a potent creative brew, an assortment of talent blended with bizarre influences from far-flung parts of the world. Plus, his awareness of the cultural landscape has made him a sort of forecaster for the direction of our pop-culture sensibilities. As a producer, he's had an almost uncanny ability to put his chips on the right number, collaborating with big names like Madonna, Beyoncé, Usher, Skrillex, and Bieber (whose Diplo-produced *Where Are Ü Now* won a 2016 Grammy). As an entrepreneur, he has catapulted many young musicians like Zeds Dead and absurdist rapper Riff Raff to fame under his Mad Decent label. As a DJ, he still manages to pull huge crowds to his shows in the bass-thumping, Vegas EDM club scene where he reportedly earns between \$100,000 and \$250,000 a set.

Now 38, Diplo still has his sights firmly fixed on expanding his ever-broadening grasp on the creative world. Currently, he's back recording with former girlfriend M.I.A., as well as with Jack Ü, his creative partnership with Skrillex.

Watch Diplo carefully—he won't be going the way of the dinosaurs. 

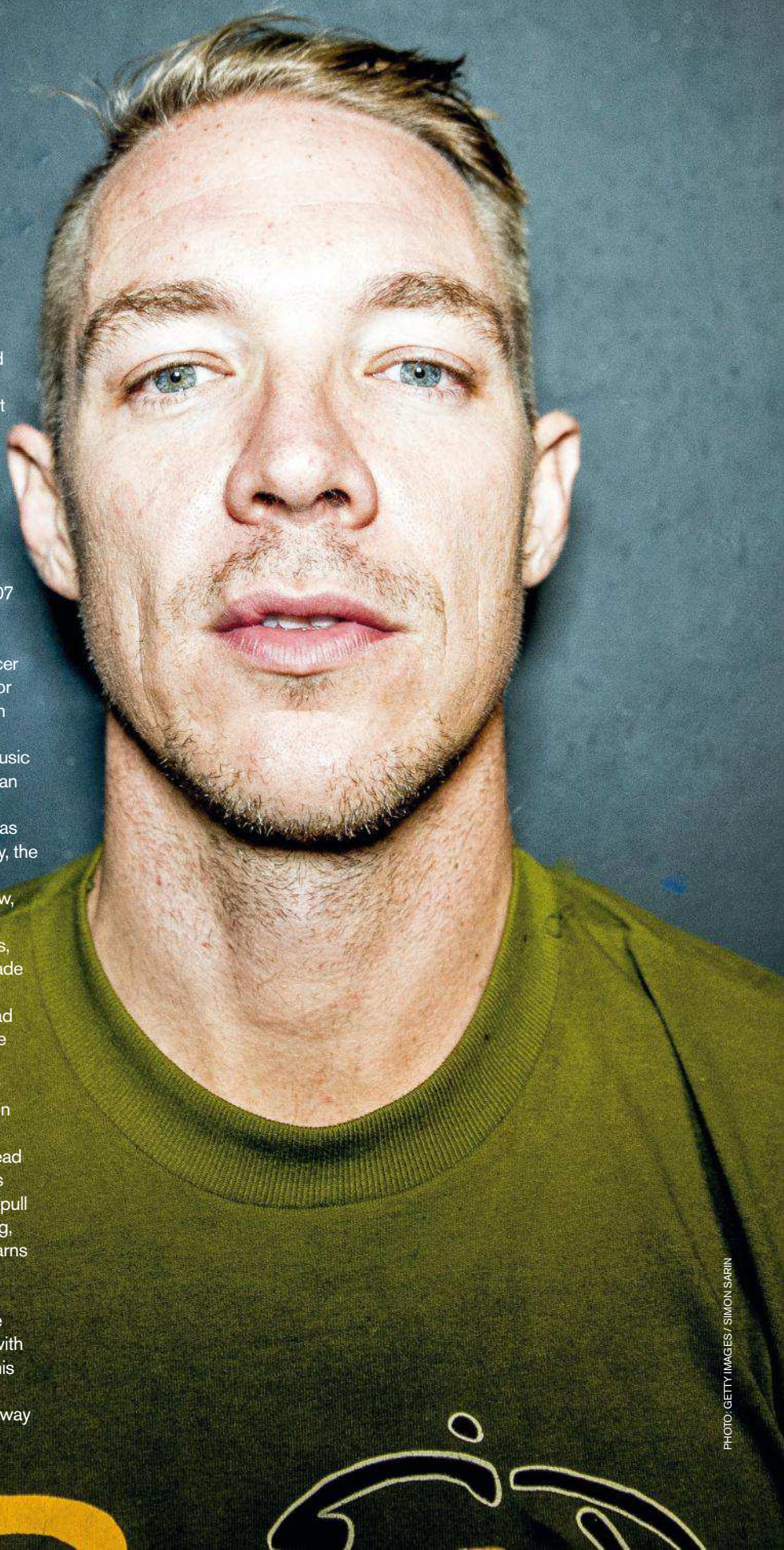


PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / SIMON SARIN

MUSIC

I'M RUNNING FOR PRESIDENT AND I MADE YOU A MIXTAPE

IT'S safe to say that Bruce Springsteen, Queen, and Survivor had no clue that their songs would reach the kind of audiences they did. Performers have a picture in their minds of the people they're singing to, and it's hard to imagine, for example, that Survivor's Frankie Sullivan and Jim Peterik were thinking of anti-abortion conservative Christians when they wrote "Eye of the Tiger" back in the early 1980s.

But "Born in the USA," "We Are the Champions," and "Eye of the Tiger" have taken on a myriad of new lives as rally songs at presidential campaign stops, and we mostly hear about this only when the original artists forbid the candidate from using them, such as when Survivor made former candidate Mike Huckabee cough up \$25,000 for his unauthorized use of "Eye of the Tiger" in 2015, or sued Mitt Romney for the same thing in 2012, or Newt Gingrich....

Springsteen forbade Ronald Reagan from using "Born in the USA" as a campaign ditty, just as Neil Young stopped George H.W. Bush from co-opting "Rock-in' in the Free World," as both rockers felt the candidates hadn't really listened to the songs' messages.

Popular songs (or classic ones—"Eye of the Tiger" is 35 years old and shows no sign of *not...um...risin'* up) have always been used by politicians. Frank Sinatra stumped and sang for John F. Kennedy back in 1960, Fleetwood Mac's "Don't Stop" was a rallying cry for the first Bill Clinton candidacy, and in 2008, Barack Obama got Stevie Wonder to perform "Signed, Sealed, Delivered I'm Yours" onstage at the Democratic National Convention.

This year, Survivor is still in the news. The band told Donald Trump to back off, as did Springsteen, Queen, Aerosmith ("Dream On"), Twisted Sister ("We're Not Gonna Take It"), George Harrison's estate ("Here Comes the Sun"), and the Rolling Stones



"BORN IN THE USA," "WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS" AND "EYE OF THE TIGER" HAVE TAKEN ON A MYRIAD OF NEW LIVES AS RALLY SONGS AT PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN STOPS.


("Brown Sugar"). Even as an anonymous "Jane Doe" claimed child rape, Trump still used a song about underage slave rape. Even R.E.M. told Trump that their songs were off-limits. (While we were hoping the Donald was trying to license "Orange Crush," he was actually going after "It's the End of the World As We Know It." Score one for a sense of humor buried somewhere deep in the recesses of the Trump camp!)

Hillary Clinton, trying to capture the disheartened young supporters of Bernie Sanders, said, "I want to be as good a president as Beyoncé is a performer." She

has appeared—stiffly and awkwardly—on the Comedy Central show *Broad City*, and bet big by featuring Katy Perry and her anthemic/anemic "Roar" at this year's Democratic National Convention. The Clinton campaign reportedly spent \$9,000 on suggestions for a campaign playlist, which resulted in the inclusion of the Katy Perry canon and Pharrell Williams's "Happy." Suggestions!

But whereas it doesn't take too much thought to use a chart-topper in a campaign, Australian artist DJ Throttle is over the moon that his comparatively obscure "Together" has been played across the United States at Hillary's campaign stops.

The 19-year-old Throttle, born Robbie Bergin, received an email asking if Clinton could use the track in her campaign. Bergin's response was simple, "I'm stoked that she's using it." There's no bigger advertising for your new single than an iconic presidential candidate using it to look cool.

In the meantime, Trump is running out of songs to play with permission. He has some country tunes, the theme song to *Air Force One* (Google it—it's awesome), and "Music of the Night" from *Phantom of the Opera*. For our money, a song about a rich, masked cellar dweller who abducts women is just the thing to make America great again. 

CRUSH

ANA DE ARMAS

OUR new Latina *enamorada*? She's a brunette, mocha-dipped, super-talented, fiery knockout. And while you might not know her name now, that's about to change. Ana de Armas is on the verge of international stardom.

Born in Santa Cruz del Norte in 1988, de Armas attended Cuba's National Theater School, landing her first film when she was 16. At the tender age of 18, de Armas took a gamble and moved to Spain (where she has dual citizenship), and secured a role in the popular television series *El Internado*.

After starring in a number of Spanish TV shows and films, de Armas relocated to Hollywood in 2014, and was cast in her first U.S. production, Eli Roth's erotic horror thriller *Knock Knock*, with Keanu Reeves. While the movie received mixed reviews, it was enough to get her noticed.

This year, de Armas was seen in two high-profile films, Todd Phillip's *War Dogs*, alongside Miles Teller and Jonah Hill, and *Hands of Stone*, a American-Panamanian biopic about the legendary Panamanian boxer Roberto Durán, starring Edgar Ramírez and Robert De Niro.

But it's de Armas's upcoming role in the highly anticipated reboot of Ridley Scott's 1982 classic, *Blade Runner*, due for release in 2017, that's certain to launch this Cuban-Spanish starlet into a whole new league.


"It's hard to explain to my parents what's going on," de Armas told *Vanity Fair* about her rising success. "You can't compare Hollywood with Cuba. I didn't even know I could dream this." 



PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / GETTY IMAGES ENTERTAINMENT



GAMING

HACKSPLOITATION: WATCH DOGS 2


Ubisoft (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

MARCUS Holloway, the hacker-activist antihero of *Watch Dogs 2*, is the millennial equivalent of *Splinter Cell* superspy Sam Fisher: reckless but nimble, cynical but upbeat. He's likable, and that alone gives this sequel a leg up over the first game, which introduced the concept of wielding a phone to topple a corrupt city's info-infrastructure. It was an ambitious idea let down by a blah story and a main character who had the charisma of Edward Snowden. But with its vibrant setting and arsenal of badass hacking gadgets, *Watch Dogs 2* easily reaches the series' potential.

The game is set in the tech-industry

Mesopotamia of San Francisco, with parts of Marin and Oakland squeezed into the play area so you can impress non-gamers with cyber-tours across the Golden Gate and Bay bridges. As in the prequel, you use your phone to tap into the city's central computer, wreaking havoc with traffic lights and bus routes to create diversions for the main mission: pulling the plug on an evil social-media company that's manipulating the public into supporting a corrupt congressman.

You can approach each mission as a shadow-hugging ghost, a warrior who wields 3-D-printed firepower, a hacking trickster, or a combination of the three. Deploy flying or driving drones to recon

the area before parkouring (is that still a thing?) to the rooftops and knocking out guards with taser grenades. Hack into the phones of passersby to distract them with doxing attacks or leech cash from their PayPal accounts to fund your crusade. When you need a quick diversion or getaway, Holloway can hack into any car and drive it remotely, but it's more fun to jack vehicles *GTA*-style and stage high-speed chases through San Francisco's hilly, curvy, topsy-turvy streets. Vastly improved driving physics let you live your *Bullitt*-inspired fantasies without becoming an organ donor. We can almost hear Steve McQueen spinning his wheels in his grave. 

HIT AND RUN: GAMES WHOSE MAKERS STUCK IT TO THE MAN

> 4 <

ADVENTURE (Atari 2600)

Back when consoles came in a wood-grain finish, Atari maintained an iron grip on the industry by forbidding its programmers from advertising their talents in end-game credits (and thus getting poached by the competition). Programmer Warren Robinett took matters into his own hands and hid his name in 1979's *Adventure*. It was gaming's first Easter egg.



> 3 <

DRIV3R (Xbox, PS2, PC)

Less a middle finger and more just the latest shot in a friendly rivalry with *GTA* maker Rockstar North, *Driver*-series developer Reflections hid Hawaiian-shirted greasers named Timmy Vermicelli as collectibles in *Driv3r*. Each hidden Vermicelli wore water wings, a rip on aqua-phobic *GTA*: *Vice City* protagonist Tommy Vercetti.

> 2 <

METAL GEAR SOLID V: GROUND ZEROES (Xbox One, Xbox 360, PS4, PS3)

After *Metal Gear* series mastermind Hideo Kojima was shown the door by his employer Konami, fans began to notice a curious Easter egg in *Ground Zeroes*, his final project. Players who inspected the logos of Kojima's *Metal Gear* titles in a special in-game location received the voice message, "You seem to be a fan of Hideo Kojima games. Thank you for all your support!"

> 1 <

ULTIMA VII (PC)

Origin, the makers of this epic roleplaying classic, barely hid its seething hatred of rival publisher—and future owner—Electronic Arts. *Ultima VII*'s villain employed trickster twins Elizabeth and Abraham (EA, get it?) and drew power from three artifacts shaped just like EA's former logo. The moral: Don't piss off nerdy RPG programmers.



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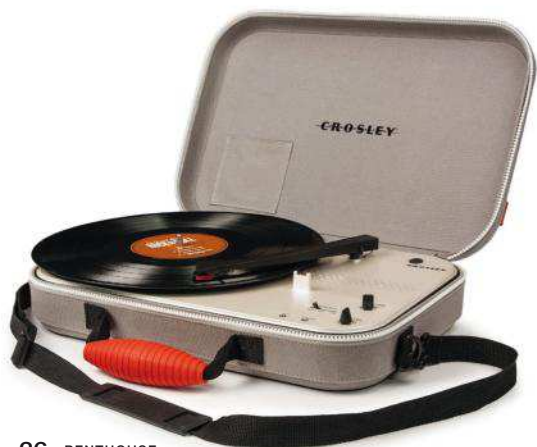


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6



7



TECH

HIGH FIDELITY

WELCOME to a world where design and technical excellence rule. Here's our roundup of some of the latest products we feel represent the best in unique and sleek audio tech. They will soothe your ears with deep frequencies, please your eyes with futuristic design, and ease your mind with their functionality. The downside? Some of them might just kick your wallet in the balls.

1 / Porsche Design 911 GT3 Soundbar

Porsche-Design.com \$3,500

This feature-packed soundbar, built from actual Porsche 911 GT3 mufflers, comes with a single analog input, along with coaxial and optical digital inputs. It supports Bluetooth connectivity, as well as aptX, if you'd rather forgo wires. Also included is DTS TruSurround virtual surround sound, with a lip-sync function so your video and audio are always lined up. This Porsche Design soundbar boasts a whopping 200 watts of power in this sucker, so you might want to cover your ears when you take it for a test-drive.

2 / Grovemade Wooden Speaker System

Grovemade.com \$599

Created in collaboration with industrial designer Joey Roth, these gorgeous desktop speakers utilize the rich acoustic properties of wood to create high-end audio. They're machined out of solid walnut and mounted on leather-clad stainless-steel stands, and have been likened to mini concert halls. Crafted one at a time in the company's workshop in (where else?) Portland, Oregon, this is a timeless speaker system that just might do justice to your incredible kickass music collection.

3 / G-Lab Block Amp

GLabDeFi.com \$5,999

Blending architecture, future-tech, and a retro aesthetic, the G-Lab amp uses the BLOCK integrated tube amplifier, which combines sublime twenty-first-century design and pristine high-fidelity sound. The resulting product is something both audiophiles and design enthusiasts will love—it bumps *and* it looks incredible.

4 / UE MEGABOOM Portable Speaker

UltimateEars.com \$300

A bass-heavy Bluetooth speaker designed for rough wear out in the wild (its cylindrical shape, user-friendly weight, and multiple color options make it the audio equivalent of a Fleshlight), the MEGABOOM blasts incredible 360 sound anywhere and everywhere. Voice-integrated for Siri and Google Now, it's also immersible in up to three feet of water (but don't do that, okay?) for up to 30 minutes, and can play up to 20 hours on one battery charge. Unlike many other portable speaker systems, its lithium-ion battery is replaceable.



5 / Oswald's Mill Audio Imperia

OswaldsMillAudio.com \$280,000

For just over a quarter mil, you can get your hands on the Brooklyn-based OMA's Imperia speakers, designed to aim sound in a specific direction—straight to your earholes?—creating a more natural and lifelike effect. So what exactly is included in the price tag? Four crazy-looking conical wooden horns made from solid Pennsylvania black walnut, cherry, or ash, with a frequency range of 100hz to 20 kHz, two rear-mounted subwoofers (20Hz to 110Hz), and (presumably) some of the best audio you'll ever hear.


6 / Crosley Messenger Turntable

CrosleyRadio.com \$90

Put down the iPod and mobilize your record collection with this three-speed portable turntable. Featuring a built-in speaker so you can listen to your music without having to connect to a system, this battery and AC-powered party-in-a-pack comes with a durable, soft-sided carry bag so it's easily transportable.

7 / TRNTBL Turntable

trntbl.co \$420

TRNTBL is the world's first wireless turntable, bringing the old-school vinyl experience into the twenty-first century. The result is a sleek, no-fuss, functional turntable for all that vinyl you've been re-buying. With its wireless audio streaming and social music sharing, you can let all your friends know just how cool you are because you listen to your music on a record player. It's not cheap, but think of all the selfie opportunities. 

THE HARD LEFT IS KILLING COLLEGE HUMOR

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

HUMOR is often the first casualty of repression. Comedians were among the first victims of Hitler, Stalin, Mao, Castro, and Kim Jong-un, in particular those who mocked the tyrants and their political cronies and programs. In fact, the concept of “political correctness” developed under Stalin as a rigid test for “acceptable” humor, art, and even music.

Now political correctness is running amok in American universities, and its first casualty is college humor. Today’s repressives are not the right-wing McCarthyites or religious fundamentalists who tried to censor the humor of my college generation; rather, they are the self-proclaimed “progressives” of the hard left—the new Stalinists on campus who shape the terrain of permissible speech in general, and humor in particular. These political-correctness police demand “safe spaces” and “trigger warnings” to protect their thin-skinned lemmings from micro aggressions, including sexist, racist, homophobic, and other “offensive” jokes.

An example in point from my own grandson, who is a senior at Harvard and a member of the *Lampoon*, the college-humor magazine. He and a friend attended the Harvard-Yale football game and his friend held up a sign reading, “Tackling is a micro aggression.” Offended students screamed at them, “You’re

Of course today’s college censors merely seek to discipline comic offenders, but the impact is discernible. Self-censorship, enforced by university administrators, is the current mechanism of suppression of offensive humor. And the impact is similar: a humorless campus on which fear of offending destroys spontaneity.

The real concern is that today’s universities are miseducating tomorrow’s leaders. The real world into which students graduate is filled with micro and macro aggressions. There are no “safe spaces” or “trigger warnings” on Main Street, Wall Street, or Pennsylvania Avenue. Current students will be unprepared for that world. Or, worse, they will try to change it into a replica of their repressive university world in which sensitivity trumps liberty.

As usual, there are some heroes, but not many. The University of Chicago felt it necessary to send a letter to all incoming freshman, telling them, “We do not support so-called ‘trigger warnings,’ we do not cancel invited speakers because their topics might prove controversial, and we do not condone the creation of intellectual ‘safe spaces’ where individuals can retreat from ideas and perspectives at odds with their own.”

The very fact that a top university felt it necessary to send such a letter speaks volumes about the current stifling atmosphere on many campuses. The fact that other schools would be afraid to send such a letter speaks even more loudly.

“SELF-CENSORSHIP, ENFORCED BY UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATORS, IS THE CURRENT MECHANISM OF SUPPRESSION OF OFFENSIVE HUMOR.”

mocking our pain! You should be required to undergo sensitivity training!” Yes, my grandson and his friend were mocking the excessive efforts of the hard left to control campus humor. That’s what comedy at its best does. But the radical censors of the hard left have no sense of humor, and they don’t want anyone else to laugh at the serious issues they raise, either.

A recent documentary on campus humor, *Can We Take a Joke?*, showed how widespread the problem has become. Comedians are now refusing to perform on campuses lest they be attacked by hard-left censors. Teachers are reluctant to use humor, not only in the classroom but in the cafeteria. Students risk discipline for telling a dirty joke to an overly sensitive friend.

To be sure, the real tyrants killed their politically incorrect comedians. There’s a wonderful 1993 film, *Genghis Cohn*, about a German-Jewish comedian who’s murdered by Hitler and comes back to haunt his killers with jokes. No doubt Hitler would have executed Charlie Chaplin for making his 1940 comic masterpiece, *The Great Dictator*, if he could have.

Students, faculty, and alumni who value freedom of expression might fight back against bullies who would tell them what to say, think, and believe. One can be sensitive without being stifled. An organization called the Foundation for Individual Rights in Education (FIRE) has taken the lead in opposing campus repression. But they, too, are being subjected to censorship and harassment.

There is bigotry and a double standard at work here. Many of the same censors who want safe spaces—for themselves and their partners in paranoia—are among the leaders of groups that aggress against religious Christians, Jewish Zionists, conservatives, free-speech activists, and other politically incorrect groups who are denied even physically safe spaces against both micro and macro aggressions.

“Free speech for me but not for thee” is a common refrain for hypocrites. The new refrain is “Safe spaces for me but not for thee.” The only acceptable approach is *physically* safe spaces for *all*, but *intellectually* safe spaces for *none*. And no protection against humor. If you don’t like a joke, don’t laugh! ✚



POTUS WTF

FUN FACTS THAT WILL TAKE YOUR MIND OFF
THE CURRENT PRESIDENTIAL RACE.

BY MARTY BARRETT

PEOPLE refer to “election fatigue” as the feeling of having been battered for so long with positive, negative, and contradictory information about one’s chosen candidate that the voter feels exhausted, demoralized, and/or itching for a fight. Well, that’s how I feel, anyway. But take heart: No matter who gets your vote in a couple of weeks, your special candidate isn’t the first to have been compared with Satan. And while 2016 has indeed been a pretty depressing election season, it’s important to remember that our presidents have been up to their one-percenter asses in intrigue throughout the history of the Republic.

> JAMES “MISSNANCY” BUCHANAN

James Buchanan, who served from 1857 to 1861, is often counted among our worst presidents. He’s not saddled with starting the Civil War (that was brewing for a long time) so much as he stands accused of being ineffectual in stopping it. A lifelong bachelor, our 15th president developed a strong attachment to William Rufus King, who in 1853 became vice president under Franklin Pierce. Prior to this, Buchanan and King roomed together for a decade, and Washington gossips noted how the Pennsylvanian Buchanan began to affect the Southern accent and dress of King. Former president Andrew Jackson (1829-1837) called the pair “Miss Nancy” and “Aunt Fancy,” which is a PRETTY sick burn when you consider the times.

> GEORGE BUSHUSURU

It’s a sad fact of celebrity that the things we regular slobs do all the time are used as fodder for comedians, TV shows, and the Internet if one is even remotely famous. While driving down the freeway last February, for example, I felt an overwhelming

urge to throw up, so I pulled over on the shoulder and booted right there, in broad daylight, as hundreds of cars drove by. Is it on the Internet? Nope. But President George H.W. Bush (1989-1993) vomited on the Japanese prime minister in 1992, inspiring not only an honest-to-God popular expression in Japan (bushusuru—“to do the Bush thing”), but also thousands of snarky jokes and YouTube views. (Go ahead—look it up. Slow down the video. You see the whole thing. And pray that if you ever do that yourself, your significant other is as awesome as Barbara Bush when it happens.)

> LYNDON B’S “JUMBO” JOHNSON

Despite the fact that he began the job in the wake of the Kennedy assassination, and was hobbled by the Vietnam War and civil unrest by the end of his term, Texan Lyndon Johnson (1963-1969) was by most accounts a breath of fresh air in the White House, countering Kennedy’s Yankee reservedness with an earthiness that was sometimes shocking. Notoriously, LBJ made sure to let everyone from his tailor to members of Congress know that his own member was pretty big. In fact, he named it “Jumbo,” and anyone unlucky enough to encounter him in the men’s room would be treated to the president shaking it around and demanding: “Have you ever seen anything as big as this?”

> CALVIN COOLIDGE WINS A BET

Speaking of Yankee reservedness, there was nothing jazzy about Jazz Age president Calvin Coolidge (1923-1929), who was nicknamed “Silent Cal” for his lack of loquacity. Born in Vermont and elected governor of Massachusetts before becoming vice president in Warren Harding’s scandal-plagued administration,

Coolidge got the top job when his boss up and died. He preferred to leave the talking to his vivacious wife, Grace, at social functions where, according to one story, a local busybody told Coolidge she’d made a bet that she could get more than three words out of him. Without looking at her, Coolidge replied: “You lose.”

> GROVER SENDS YOU OVER

As our relatively young country matures, it gets harder to remember interesting tidbits about the presidents in the middle, like Grover Cleveland (1885-1889, 1893-1897), who was the only president to be elected to two nonconsecutive terms. He was both the 22nd and 24th president, with Benjamin Harrison serving between the two terms. Prior to his presidency, Cleveland was a true Warden of the North in that he, as Sheriff of Erie County in northwestern New York, twice executed criminals himself. Unlike Ned Stark’s character, however, Cleveland dispatched the two men by hanging them.

> TWO THINGS ABOUT MILLARD FILLMORE

Millard Fillmore, our 13th president (1850-1853), is renowned for being one of our most boring. But there are a couple of things that make him more interesting: (1) He was the last Whig to be president. Since he left office in 1853, every president has been either a Democrat or a Republican. (Say what you will about the Ross Perots, John Andersons, Gary Johnsons, and Jill Steins of the world, but really? A century and a half of the same two parties?) And (2) Fillmore named his daughter after himself. “Millard” was his mother’s maiden name and, in order to pass the name along, Fillmore named his daughter Millard. History does not say if he called her “Junior.”



James "Miss Nancy" Buchanan

> ROOSEVELT DIED WITH HIS GOOMAH IN THE ROOM

Franklin Roosevelt (the only president to be elected to four terms, from 1933-1945, and who led us out of the Great Depression with a slew of social programs that, if he were running today, would brand him a goddamn Communist), had a mistress that his wife, the long-suffering Eleanor, knew about. While working as the First Lady's social secretary, Lucy Mercer and Roosevelt began an affair in 1916—at least partially egged on by Eleanor's own cousin (who certainly knew how to throw a sister under the bus). Eleanor discovered the affair and FDR vowed to end it, lest his dignified family be shamed. But the two continued to see each other over the years, in meetings arranged by the Roosevelts' daughter, Anna. While sitting for a portrait commissioned by Mercer in the Georgia retreat of Warm Springs in 1945, Roosevelt said, "I have a terrific pain in the back of my head," and collapsed of a stroke. He died two hours later.

> LIFE AND DEATH BUDDIES

For every Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr there's a John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. The second and third presidents, respectively, Adams (1797-1801) and Jefferson (1801-1809) started out as bitter rivals (Jefferson once called Adams a "hermaphrodite"), but in the struggle and toil of crafting a nation out of nothing, they became great friends, writing lengthy and often contentious letters to one another long after they'd left office. Jefferson and Adams both died on July 4, 1826, the 50th anniversary of the United States. Not knowing Jefferson had died several hours earlier, Adams on his deathbed uttered some version of: "At least Jefferson yet survives!"

> WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON PROBABLY ATE POO

Our ninth president was 68 years old when he took office on March 4, 1841 (Inauguration Day was moved to January in 1937), and it was said that because William Henry Harrison wanted to prove his vitality, he purposefully rode a horse in the rain and delivered a two-hour speech, hatless and coatless, on a cold Washington morning. But that isn't what killed him 30 days later. No, the White House was fairly close to a dumping ground for raw sewage (imagine!), and the new president came down with

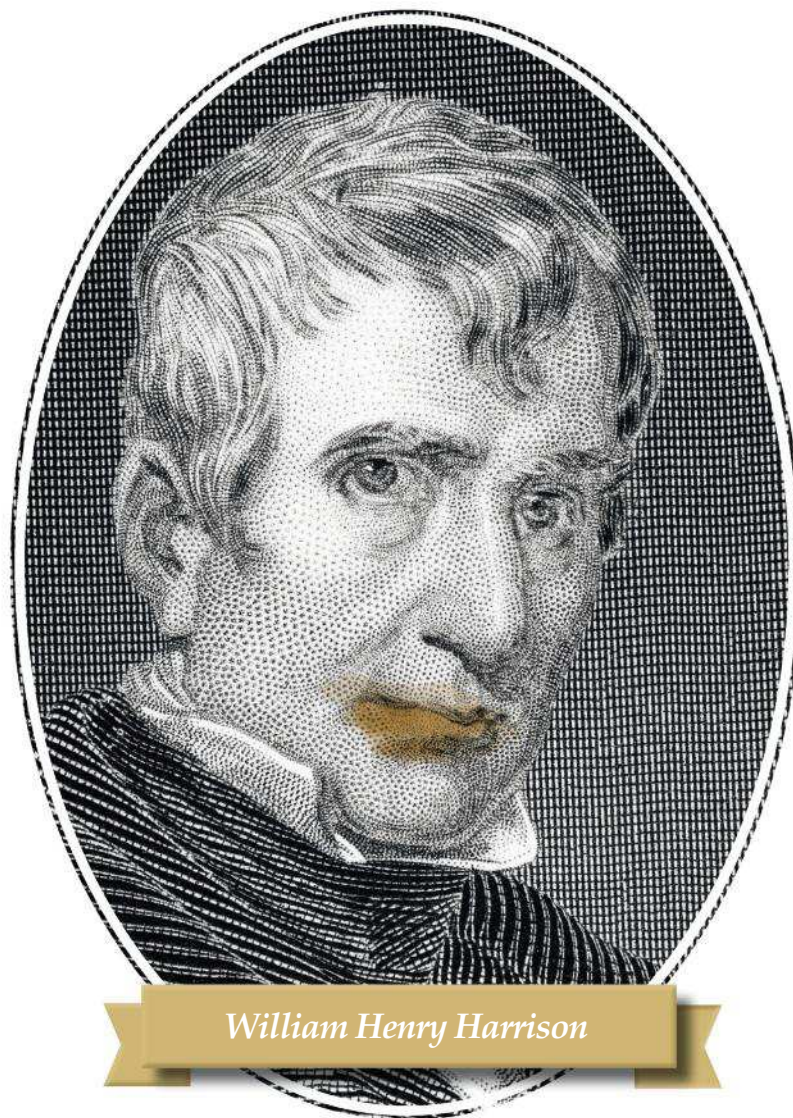
enteric fever—or typhus—about nine days before he died. So somewhere between the three inaugural balls he attended and the day-to-day business of running the country, W. H. Harrison ingested something contaminated with fecal matter and died of it. His was the shortest presidency in history, and he was the first president to die in office. And of poo. His vice president, John Tyler, succeeded him.

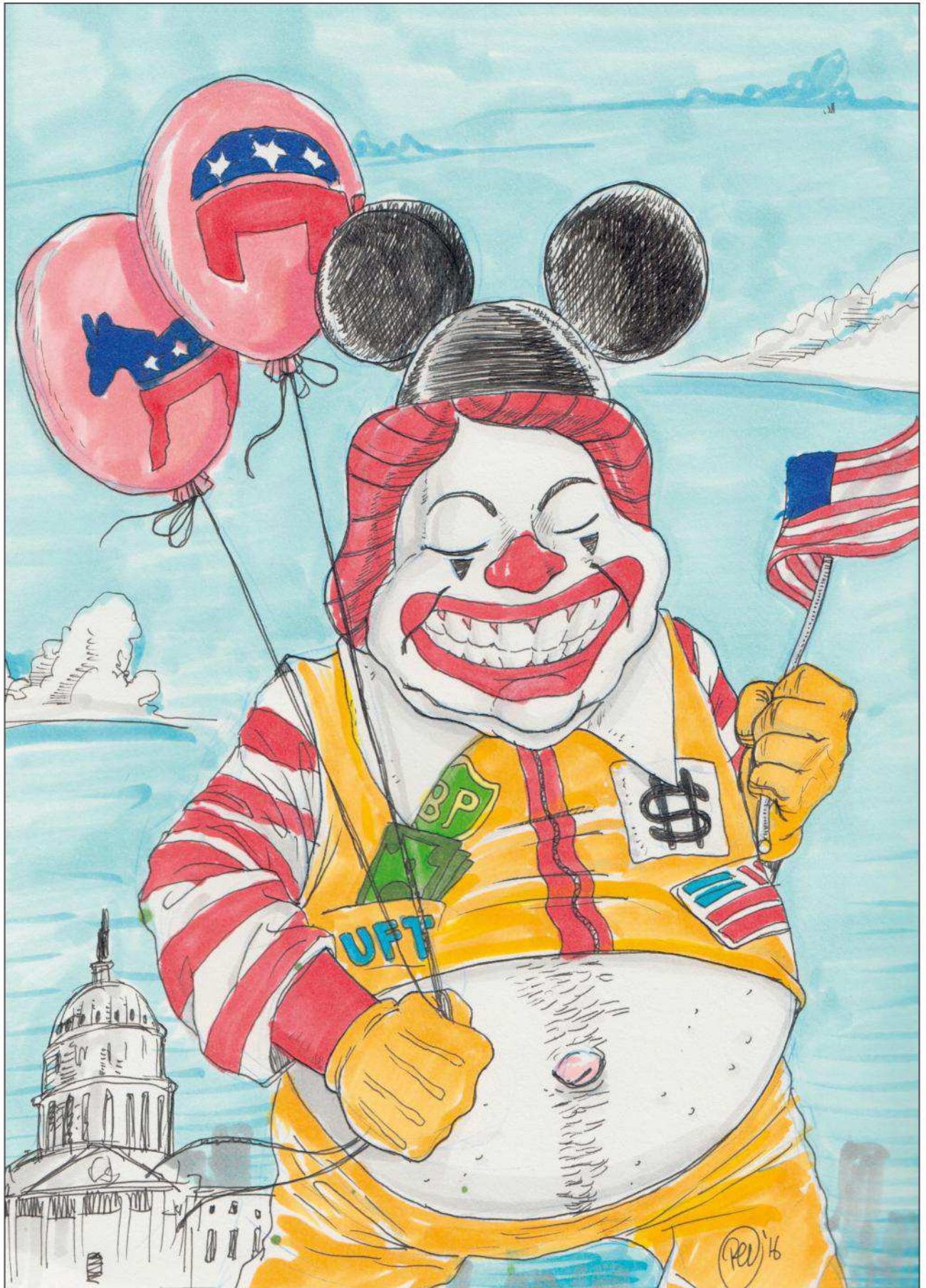
> JOHN QUINCY ADAMS WAS A MURDEROUS PIMP

It was once thought that 2008 was the most vicious political campaign in history, but it was a walk in the park compared to this year, right? Nevertheless, there has never been a "Golden Age" of American politics the way there has been for, say, porn, and we close this history lesson with a stern warning that words can hurt. The brutal 1828 campaign between President John Quincy Adams (1825-1829) and Andrew

Jackson (1829-1837) got so personal that Jackson believed it killed his wife, Rachel, who was accused of bigamy for courting Jackson while she was still technically married to another man. Jackson's surrogates then accused Quincy Adams of pimping out his maid to a Russian czar while he was ambassador there. But the former charge stuck, and when Rachel suddenly died following her husband's election, Jackson blamed it on the strain Quincy Adams and his supporters put on her, and never forgave him.

So, does #crookedhillary measure up to Miss Nancy? And does Trump's mouth diarrhea hold his own against puking on the Prime Minister of Japan? Ultimately, the candidates' fates rest in your capable hands. But find comfort knowing that the road to the White House was paved with shitbaggy and buffoonery long before this race. ☪







LOVE TRIANGLE

You know how in Philadelphia they call Philly cheese steaks “cheese steaks?” Well, it used to be that a hairy pussy was once simply called a “pussy,” just like an acoustic guitar was known as a “guitar,” and cruiser motorcycles were called “motorcycles.”

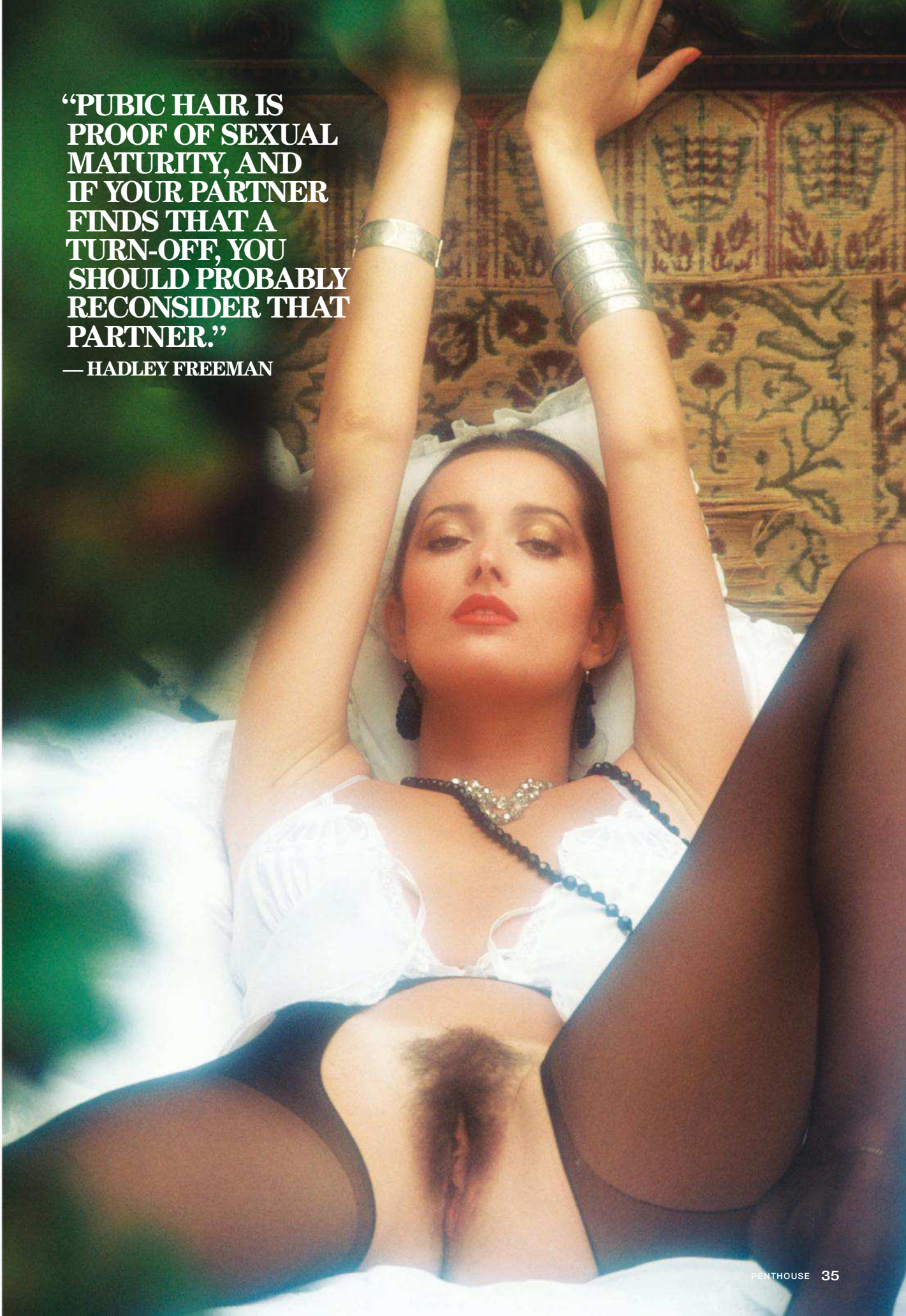
Like a well-guarded velvet rope barrier to an exclusive bottle-service bar, getting past a ravishing mound of pubic hair to the delights beyond indicates a triumph.

We hope you enjoy our tiptoe through the pubed-lips.


Photography: Various

**“PUBIC HAIR IS
PROOF OF SEXUAL
MATURITY, AND
IF YOUR PARTNER
FINDS THAT A
TURN-OFF, YOU
SHOULD PROBABLY
RECONSIDER THAT
PARTNER.”**

— HADLEY FREEMAN



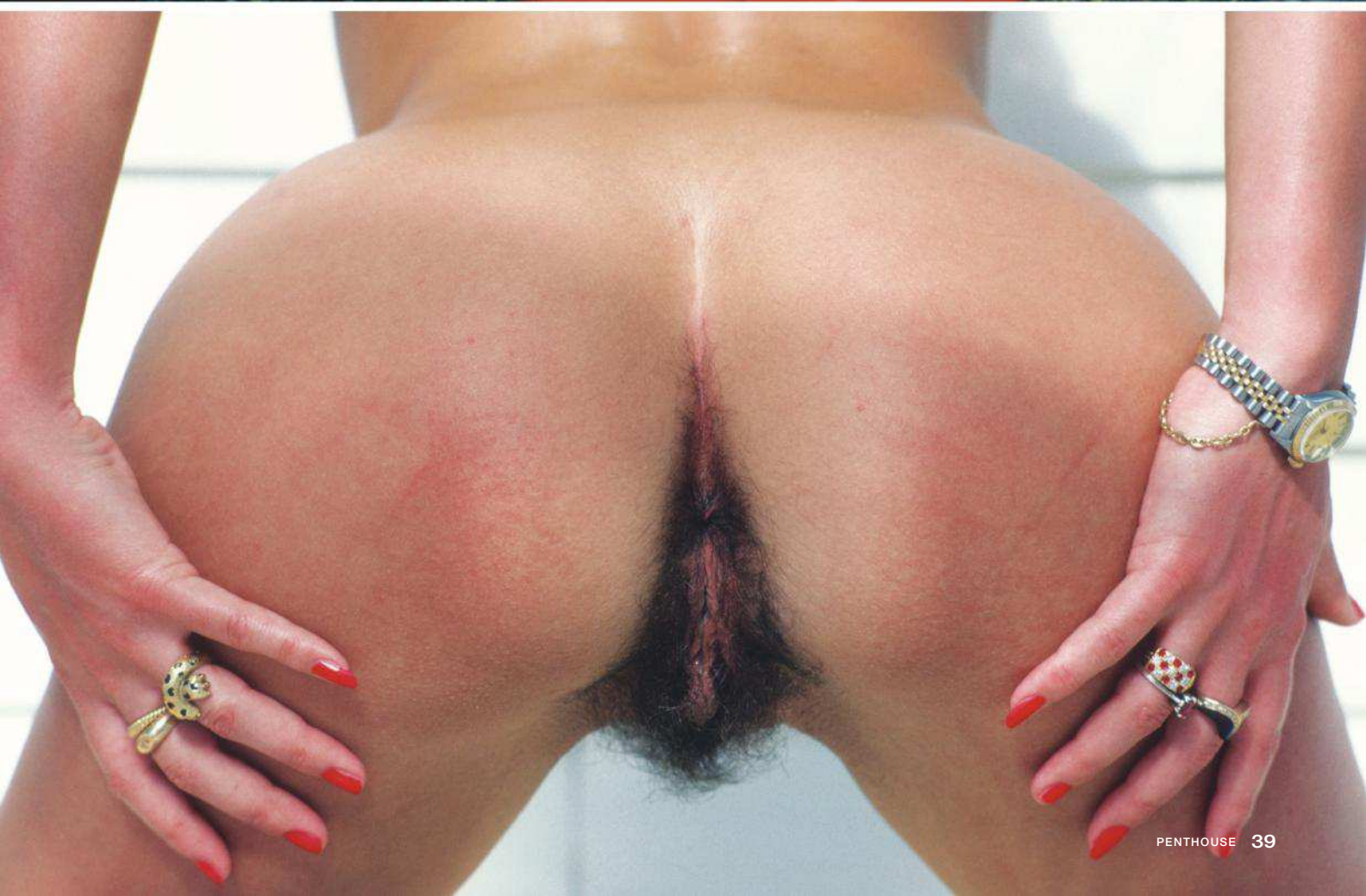




**"SOMEBODY'S
GOTTA STAND UP
AND SAY PUBIC
HAIR IS GOOD,
MURDER IS BAD.
SEX IS GOOD,
VIOLENCE IS BAD."**

— WILLIAM H. MACY









**“WE’RE JEWS.
WHEN YOU LOOK
AT PUBIC HAIR,
IT SHOULD LOOK
LIKE EWOKS
SHOULD BE IN
THERE.”**

— JOHN STEWART



SPEED DEMONS

WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF THE MOST OUTRAGEOUS,
STREET-READY HYPERCARS. BY STEVE FREETH

HL

HIGH LIFE



MERCEDES AMG GT-R

The Mercedes AMG GT-R debuted at Goodwood to huge crowd approval, not only for its great looks but also for the way it nailed the twisting hill climb. Active aerodynamic design, 4-liter twin-turbo V8 engine, 585 hp, 7-speed dual clutch transmission and active rear-wheel steering are why many are calling it the ultimate supercar.



LA FERRARI SUPERCAR CONVERTIBLE

A \$1M price tag hasn't stopped the LaFerrari Supercar Convertible from selling out ahead of its Paris Auto Show debut in October. This limited edition, carbon-fibre hard or soft top, features the "F1-derived hybrid" combining an electric motor and Ferrari's classic V12 to go from 0 to 125 in under seven seconds.





KOENIGSEGG ONE:1

Sweden's Koenigsegg calls its limited production One:1 the "world's first megacar" and they're not exaggerating. Batmobile-like styling marries a carbon-fiber/Kevlar body with Le Mans-inspired active wings to a twin-turbocharged V-8:1 that goes from 0 to 250 in 20 seconds and tops out at 267 mph.

SPEED DEMONS



ELEMENTAL RP-1

Also debuting was Elemental's first road-ready RP-1. This carbon-fiber "racecar for the road" features F1-style drive positioning, pushrod suspension and a 2-litre model that explodes from 0 to 55 in three seconds and hits an estimated top speed of 160 mph.



YOU may not know it from way back in the steerage known as coach, but in the pointy end of the plane there's a major battle going on for bragging rights to the world's best, most luxurious first class experience. At stake is a small but highly lucrative group of privileged passengers that private jet startups are also eagerly courting. The major international airlines are rapidly reinventing this rarefied environment by adding an exclusive level to the experience: First Class Plus. Here's a look at some very expensive mile-high clubs.

Etihad appears to have the world's most expensive First Class Plus experience now that the Abu Dhabi-based airline has added "The Residence." The 3-room suite features a bedroom, living room, in-suite shower room, private butler, 32-inch flatscreen TV, leather sofa, private chef-prepared meals and double bed. They also throw in a personal travel concierge to make landing a lot easier, too.


Singapore Airlines has also gone one better than mere First Class with "Suites Class." These enclosed private cabins come with a double bed, dining table with bespoke meals on Wedgewood china, leather armchair, and 23-inch personal LCD with Bose noise-cancelling

headphones.

Air France's La Première Suites on its Boeing 777-300s are limited to only four passengers and the secluded rooms styled in wood and metal feature wide seats, full-length futon bedding, 24-inch screen and meals designed by top chefs like Joël Robuchon served on Bernardaud porcelain and Christofle cutlery and glassware.

Emirates First Class Private Suites come with sliding door entry, personal

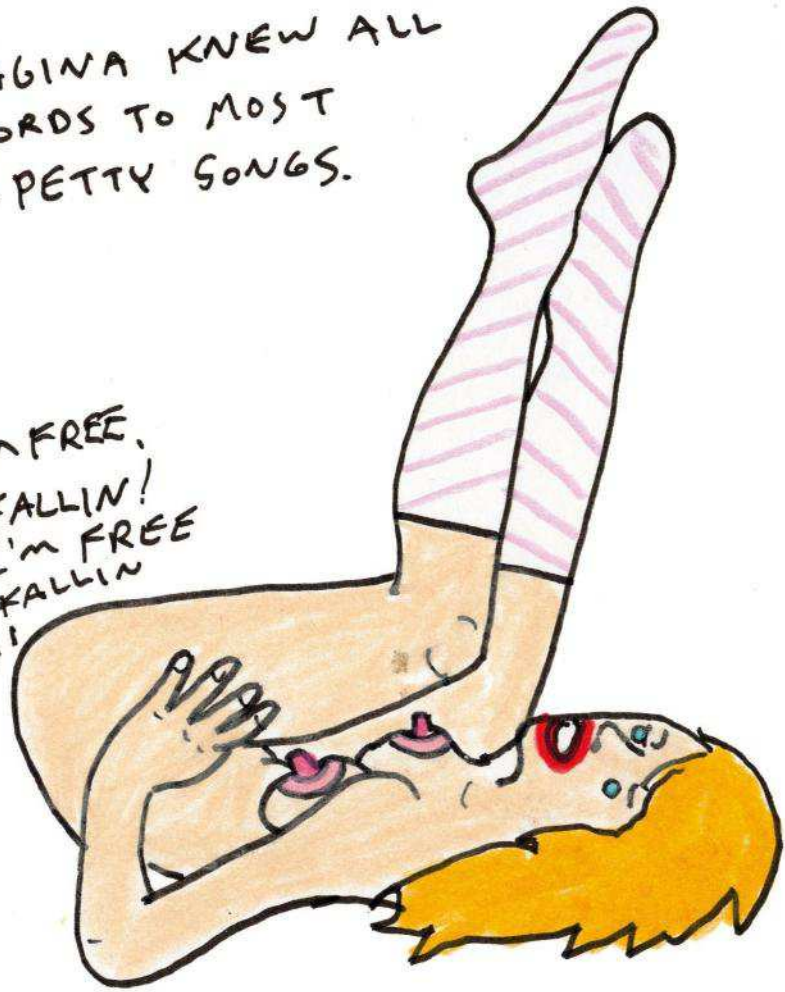
mini-bar, mirrored vanity table, full-length bed, onboard shower/spa and on-demand dining.

Qantas keeps winning awards for its lounges, but the Australian airline's First Class Suites are just as amazing. An extra-wide bed, topped with a sheepskin mattress and luxury bedding, an 8-course degustation or a la carte meals created by chef Neil Perry can be teamed with the very best wine, care of Qantas' "Sommeliers in the Sky." 



HER VAGINA KNEW ALL
THE WORDS TO MOST
TOM PETTY SONGS.

AND I'M FREE,
FREE FALLIN!
YES, I'M FREE
FREE FALLIN
!!!



Porous Walker



TRAVEL

WE BELIEVE YOU CAN FLY

Last Frontier


BUSY people like you have no time for rental cars, buses, and the baggage carousel. No, you need a private jet or helicopter to take you to those hard-to-reach places away from the smelly, teeming crowds for the once-in-a-lifetime experience you so richly deserve after buying all those pharma patents.

The **Tip to Toe** Arctic to Antarctica 11-day trip is a true global first. Offered by Veryfirsto.com, you take off on a private jet to Lapland (yep, it's a real place that doesn't disappear when you stand up) to stay in glass igloos and wooden lodges at the spectacular Kakslautanen Arctic Resort in Finland. Activities include husky sledding and an amazing view of the Northern Lights. The tour then continues way down to Cape Town, South Africa where you will get a brief respite from the cold at the city's Cape Grace Hotel, before heading to Antarctica on an Illuyshin 76 Intercontinental jet.

Deep snow and endless vertical edges in some of the most

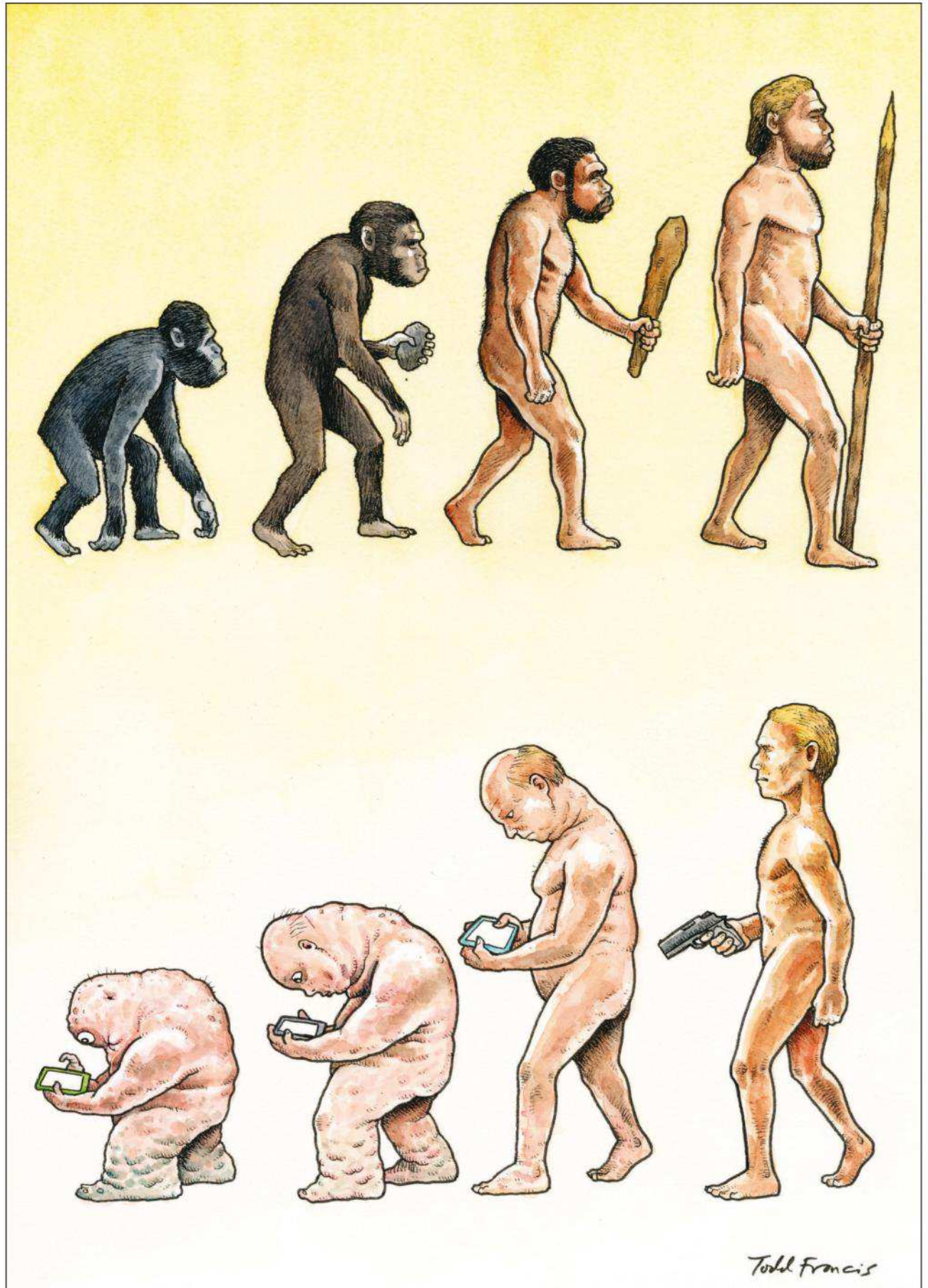
remote mountains on Earth are the promises of Canada's **Last Frontier** Heliskiing near the Alaskan border. Catering to groups of four on set runs or private tours, the company's three helicopters take off from their remote lodges to deliver skiers and boarders to wide-open, high alpine terrain and spectacular tree runs.

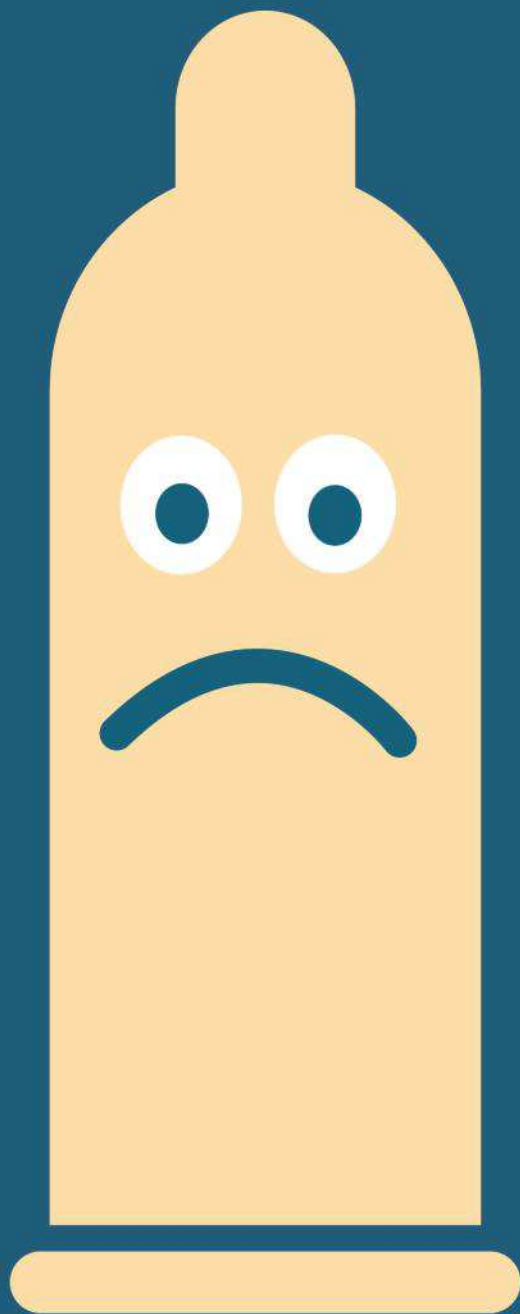
All too cold? Then join **Jacanda Tours** for private, fully-customizable helicopter tours of dramatic Iceland that include treks through Thrihnukagigur Volcano's magma chamber, as well as sea diving between two continental plates at the Silfa fissure and drop offs at the blue Jokulsarlon lagoon or black lava beaches.

Want to raise the temperature? Head to Africa and do it in style with **Epic Quest's** private helicopter and fixed wing aircraft safaris. Staying in luxury lodges, guest watch wild animals roam and incredible landscapes unfold across the Congo, Ethiopia, and central and eastern Africa, or along Kenya's coast. 



PHOTOS: PRIMAGES





PROP 60

A WHOLE 'NOTHER KIND OF JERK OFF
BY MARK KERNES

AIDS Healthcare Foundation is aiming to put the adult movie industry out of business—and they just might succeed.

The topic that the adult movie industry is talking about most these days is Proposition 60, a ballot initiative created by AIDS Healthcare Foundation (AHF) president Michael Weinstein. And thanks to hundreds of thousands of dollars paid by AHF to professional signature gatherers across California, it will appear on the November presidential ballot.

The fact is, Weinstein has been using his organization to go after the adult industry for more than seven years, starting with petitioning Cal/OSHA in 2009 to force adult performers to wear condoms, through both L.A. City and County mandatory condom initiatives. The county mandate passed and became Measure B, and when the county didn't want to defend Vivid Entertainment's lawsuit against it, AHF intervened to "save" it—hell, they even tried to force the city to form its own health department when the county's wouldn't attack the adult industry as hard as Weinstein wanted it to.

One result of Measure B is that it got FilmL.A., the city agency that gives out filming permits, to require that any adult producer seeking a permit promises that the production will be condom-only. The result? Much of the industry returned to its underground roots and permits for adult productions fell from 485 in 2012 to 40 in 2013.

Then, Weinstein got the brilliant idea to create a statewide initiative to enforce condom use in the industry, and that initiative became Proposition 60, the Condoms in Pornographic Films Initiative, which will be on the November 8 ballot.

Supporters of Prop. 60, officially known as the California Safer Sex in the Adult Film Industry Act, claim that the measure is all about protecting adult movie and web actors from sexually transmitted infections—nothing more, nothing less.

That claim, however, is a lie.

As a whole, the adult industry is hugely focused on performer health and requires that they regularly get tested for a variety of STIs, including HIV, every 14 days—and actors won't work with a partner whose test is even one day out of date. That's why there has been exactly one incident of HIV transmission on an adult movie set in the last 12 years. The industry also supports the use of Truvada, a medication that prevents HIV infection—a remarkably effective prescription that Weinstein labeled a "party drug." Guess he was worried that it might put AHF out of business.

But one thing is pretty clear: Weinstein wants to drive the adult industry out of business—or at least out of state.

Now, the vast majority of adult performers don't like using condoms, and the vast majority of the porn-watching public doesn't care for them either. But as much as the Prop 60 supporters talk about condoms, condoms, condoms, it's not just about condoms.

Most of AHF's proposed legislation refers to the California

Health Code's Section 5193. And if you read it carefully, besides requiring condom use, Sec. 5193 also requires the use of "eye protection" (goggles and/or face shields), rubber gloves and dental dams (which, for those not in the know, are rubber sheets laid over a pussy during cunnilingus to prevent the pleasure-giver's mouth from coming in contact with the labia and clit), and the equivalent of hazmat suits to prevent skin-to-skin contact—regulations that were clearly written for doctors and nurses to use while caring for patients. In fact, "adult industry" isn't mentioned anywhere in Sec. 5193.

So what is Prop 60 really about?

This proposed law would allow any citizen of California, who sees a movie or a web scene that doesn't appear to have condoms in it, to file a complaint with the California Division of Occupational Safety and Health. If the agency declines to pursue the case within 21 days, the witness could then file a civil lawsuit against anyone with a financial interest in the film, which could include some performers. Now, these lawsuits—and there will undoubtedly be thousands—will all be financed by California taxpayers. And, if any of these lawsuits are successful, the citizen who originally filed it will be awarded 25 percent of whatever the defendant is forced

to pay.

Let's think about this for a minute.

Say you're a webcam girl doing a scene with your husband or boyfriend. Chances are, you're not using your real name on camera—but, in response to some random citizen's lawsuit, you'll be forced to reveal your name and home address in the legal papers you'll have to file. Let's not even think about how much an attorney will charge to defend you against this horseshit. But it goes even deeper: Say you're just a regular Joe, and you make a naughty little video of you and your life

partner having some adult fun, and you decide to post that video anonymously to an amateur porn website—then you'll be opening yourself up to being sued as well. It's not just the big-money studios that are at risk. It's anyone and everyone who has ever made and posted a video that *could* be considered porn.

The real capper, however, is that Prop 60 will set Michael Weinstein up for life as California's "porn czar," with the ability to sue any adult producer in the state—a job from which he could only be fired by votes from both the California Assembly and Senate. So, his real interest in the porn industry is using it to set himself up in a lifetime job at taxpayers' expense.

Prop 60 is opposed by the California Democratic Party, the California Republican Party, the California Libertarian Party, AIDS Project Los Angeles, the Los Angeles Gay and Lesbian Center, Equality California, the San Francisco AIDS Foundation, the Transgender Law Center, the industry trade organization Free Speech Coalition, and the Adult Performers Advocacy Committee, which delivered more than 650 signed petitions to the Cal/OSHA Standards Board in protest.

If you live in California, a vote against Prop 60 is your only hope of saving the adult entertainment you love. ☪

**A VOTE AGAINST
PROP 60 IS YOUR ONLY
HOPE OF SAVING THE
ADULT ENTERTAINMENT
YOU LOVE.**



HAIL MARY

November 2016 Pet of the Month Mary Moody gets us feeling all tingly down there. And we're spinning for this 24 year-old head turner's soft curves, natural chest, and bite-worthy pout. A vision in boy shorts, Mary wasted no time making the most of her photo shoot with us.

Photography: Tammy Sands

**"I'M ALWAYS
UP FOR GOING
BACK TO BED."**









“BEING NUDE
FEELS MOST
NATURAL AND
COMFORTABLE
FOR ME.”







**"I FIND THAT
I CANNOT
RESIST IF
I FEEL AN
INSTANT
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WITH
SOMEONE."**









**“THERE ARE SO MANY
THINGS I HAVE YET TO TRY.
MY SEXUAL FANTASIES ARE
CONSTANTLY CHANGING.”**





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MARY MOODY NOVEMBER 2016 PET OF THE MONTH



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**Vital Stats:**

30-25-33

5'4"

Hometown: Davis, CA

What's your favorite thing about your hometown?

I love how walkable Davis is. I love that kind of city culture.

Walking culture?

I have a dog. Walking is relaxing.

Fair point. Do you do anything else for fun? Volcano surfing? Dancing?

I only dance if I'm a little drunk. I'm a people person. I spend a lot of time with friends.

Is that code for "I have a man?"

I recently left my husband to become a webcam model.

Wow!

I had always been too afraid to believe in myself. I decided to give myself a chance and it's worked out great so far.

How so?

Being my own boss is amazing. I also really enjoy the connections I make and the people I get to talk to. Camming is a fun and exciting experience for me.

It's a good thing you are so comfortable being nude...

I'm an exhibitionist.

You hear that, fellas? She's an exhibitionist.

SEE MORE OF MARY MOODY
AT PENTHOUSE.COM



THE LIFE OF PABLO

WE ASK *NARCOS* STAR WAGNER MOURA ABOUT HIS UNLIKELY TRANSFORMATION INTO THE WORLD'S MOST NOTORIOUS DRUG DEALER.

TO PREPARE for playing Pablo Escobar, the reviled and revered leader of the Medellín drug cartels in the monster Netflix series *Narcos*, Wagner Moura pored over any information he could find about the legendary criminal (and for some, a modern day saint). And then he wiped it all from his mind.

"So many books—especially in Spanish—but I had to forget everything I learned," the 40-year-old Brazilian says. "I needed to bring my own interpretation to his story."

So we kinda had to wonder—why read the books at all if you're just going to forget them? Wouldn't it be better to spend your free time gardening or learning German? *Penthouse* sat down with the fascinating Moura recently.

In person, the actor couldn't be less Pablo-esque. Chatty, open, and unaffected, he's incredulous of his current success and appears to be taking it all with a grain of salt.

Wearing a black suit, white shirt, and thick-rimmed glasses, Moura appears shrunken in stature when compared to his on-screen portrayal of the looming Escobar. Which turns out to be a result of wrapping up the second season, which sees the drug lord (spoiler alert) gunned down and killed by Colombian antidrug forces in 1993.

So, the upcoming second season will be Moura's final performance as Pablo. Though, as he reveals, that doesn't necessarily mean the end of the show.



Playing Pablo Escobar in *Narcos*

“NINETY PERCENT OF THE COLOMBIAN POPULATION KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT KIND OF MAN HE WAS. EVERY PERSON KNOWS SOMEONE WHO WAS KILLED DURING HIS WAR WITH THE COLOMBIAN GOVERNMENT.”

In a darkened hotel room in central London, the actor—who’s enjoyed nearly 20 years as one of Brazil’s busiest stars—discusses transforming into the role, why it’s important to now leave Pablo behind, and his career hopes for the future.

The actor currently splits his time between São Paulo and Los Angeles with journalist wife Sandra Delgado, with whom he has three young sons, Bem, Salvador, and José.

I can’t believe you’ve ruined the whole of season two for me already.

MOURA: How so?

Revealing that Pablo dies and this will be the final season?

MOURA: Well I never said this would be the final season, just that I won’t be a part of it after season two because

Pablo will die. There’s no changing history. This season is based around the year and a half after he escaped capture right up till his death. And *Narcos* is an incredibly authentic show, it prides itself on that, so to play around with history with poetic license wouldn’t be right. It wouldn’t suit the integrity of the show.

But that doesn’t mean the show will end. There were others to take his place; the drug trade continues today.

How do you feel saying good-bye to him?

MOURA: I am happy and sad. Very relieved. And apprehensive. It’s a mixture. I’ve been playing one of the most divisive figures in history; he was an evil, bad man—a sociopath. There is no getting away from that. One of the biggest assassins of all time, only after

Hitler. But when you visit Barrio Pablo Escobar, you see a mural of him beside Jesus. That is how revered he is. He helped poor people, those in need.

If you say anything negative against the man who built houses, schools, hospitals, churches, that is not a good idea. If you ask his wife, his children, his lovers, he was a warm, loving man who would do anything for them. Speak to the families of those he killed in his reign of terror, to the many families of those lost in that plane crash he orchestrated; they see a monster walking the earth. Ninety percent of the Colombian population knows exactly what kind of man he was. Every person knows someone who was killed during his war with the Colombian government. It’s completely in contrast to how they see him in Medellín, where he is a Robin Hood.

I, as an actor, have to see him and understand him as a human being. I cannot see him as either good or evil but try some way to understand his motivation, but there’s no getting away from the bad energy of it, even when you walk away from the cameras. It lingers on you; it clings to your clothes and your skin; it sticks to your soul, and that is not good in the future. You don’t need that in your life so I am happy to be walking away from that, but there is a sadness and an anticlimax—“What, that’s it?”—two years of my life, every day more or less, dedicated to this one person. When he’s gone, it feels a little strange. I miss him in ways, too. For all those reasons, he is one of the greatest characters.

Physically, I am so very relieved. I want to get back to my old self, get rid of Pablo. It’s not so easy. *[Laughs]*

You look like you’re certainly on your way, if you don’t mind me saying.

MOURA: I do not, I love to hear you say that. I think you are lying, but I appreciate the lies.

I’m serious.

MOURA: Thank you. And yes, it is not so easy to do this. Putting on 40 pounds, when you’re 40, that is fun. You eat ice cream and pizza and cheeses and bread. I’m not going to lie—the best time of my life. In the beginning. But then the body starts to feel unwell, very slow and sluggish. It’s not good for the health; I don’t know if I would have done this for any [character] other than Pablo.

Now I’m in the process of going back to my old self. I’m detoxing for a month,



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ABOVE: Moura with Paulina Gaitan, who plays Tata Escobar, in *Narcos*; getting bloody was all part of the role playing Pablo Escobar; below with Matt Damon in the sci-fi blockbuster *Elysium* (2013)



the vegan diet, no meat, no dairy, no flavor, no taste [laughs]—only for a month because I cannot live like that forever. I need to cleanse my body of Pablo, his belly. His belly is not my belly.

What will you hold on to of Pablo?

MOURA: His mustache. [Laughs] I really like his mustache, and my wife says it's very sexy, and she is always right.

You really had a tough challenge ahead when taking on this role because not only did you not look like Escobar, but you also couldn't speak Spanish.

MOURA: It's the craziest case of miscasting in the history of casting. [Laughs] I freely say that. I didn't speak the language, I look nothing like him.... What were they thinking? I judge them a little for casting me. If it wasn't for my very good friend [director José Padilha], I would not have got into the room to read for Pablo. He knew what we could do together.

You know, I was positive I would be able to get by with speaking with an accented English, so I wasn't concerned. All I thought about was, *I am skinny, I am going to have to eat a lot*. Not the worst prospect.

Anyway, it made sense that I would

Acting in a foreign language is one of the hardest tasks ever you will experience because you can't give your utmost to the character, you're always thinking in the back of your mind, *Am I using the right tense? My grammar is so bad*, and that's distracting. But all you can do is practice, practice, practice, and you get better and better. But in another way, your focus is so centered and pinpointed, it helps getting to know the character in more detail, I think. There are pros and cons.

Probably more cons than pros?

MOURA: No, I think the other way. I'm getting the opportunity at 40 to learn another language. Now I can speak Spanish, and I wouldn't have been able to without doing this show. I see it as a big achievement.

Another big achievement is your Golden Globe nomination for Best Actor. You didn't win, but it's pretty huge.

MOURA: Thank for reminding me, man. [Laughs] I wanted to win! [Laughs] That was a really, really big surprise for me, to be recognized for your work and for the show to get that. I wasn't surprised that the show got it, I knew there was a good chance, but for me, that was a shock.

“I'M GETTING THE OPPORTUNITY AT 40 TO LEARN ANOTHER LANGUAGE. NOW I CAN SPEAK SPANISH, AND I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO WITHOUT DOING THIS SHOW. I SEE IT AS A BIG ACHIEVEMENT.”

have to speak Spanish because how many times have we watched, you know, Egyptians speak with British accents, or Japanese soldiers, or whoever, speak English with accents? Why would they speak English? Why would Pablo speak English? It makes no sense.

Acting is hard enough at the best of times—how do you do it in a completely foreign language?

MOURA: I follow some great words by Javier Bardem about working in another language. He says when he works in another language, up there is this great office in his head, everyone is making calls, sending emails, and it's this frenzy of action happening. But when he works in his own language, Spanish, the office is shut down. No calls, no nothing.

And to be in the same category as Jon Hamm, Liev Schreiber ... I'm a big big fan of those guys. Yeah, it was great.

So now that you're finished with *Narcos*, what comes next?

MOURA: I want to be nominated for a Golden Globe. And I want to win this time. [Laughs]

What are your next projects?

MOURA: Nothing confirmed as of yet, but there are talks happening, meetings with people I would have never gotten a chance to talk to if it weren't for *Narcos*. *Narcos* has changed my career and my life. It's hugely popular around the world, and I knew it was a really authentic, well-produced show, but I and no one else working on it could have predicted how popular it has become. ☺

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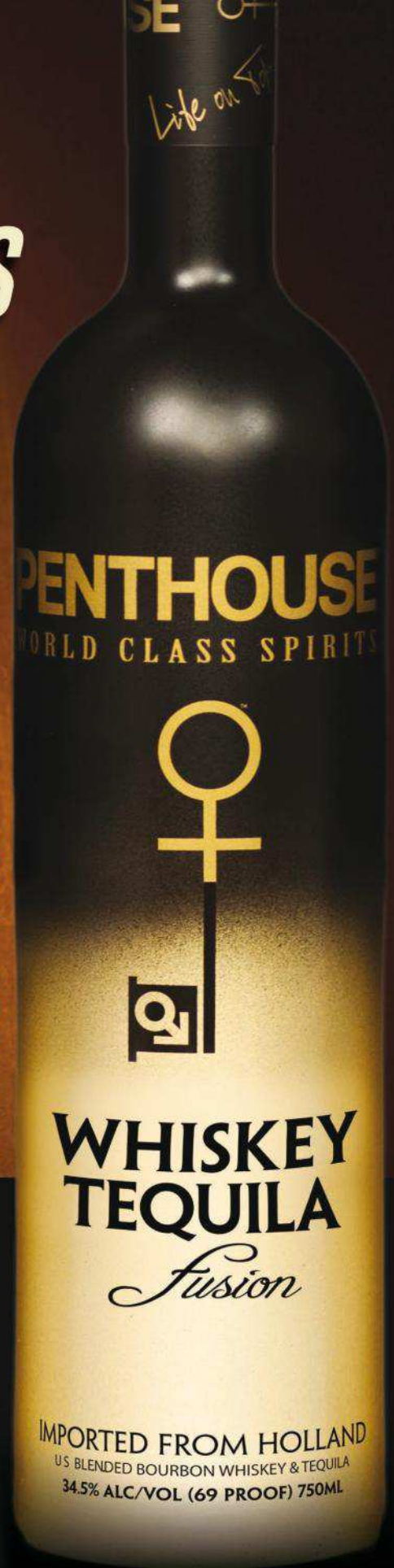
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EVEN A GIGOLO HAS TO TAKE IT SLOW SOMETIMES

BY DOMINIC RUSSO

I WAS literally born in prison. My mom was a felon, so I was born in the pen and taken to my grandmother's house. My mother may have created me, but my grandmother gave me life. I've had a special love for women ever since.

I'll admit it. I have White Knight Syndrome. I love the feeling of rescuing a woman from a bad situation. I'm a big guy—6'3", 250 pounds—so being that white knight is easier for me than most.

A few months ago, my booking manager set me up on a date, and since the client wasn't a regular, I didn't know much about her. I met "Nancy" at an upscale hotel bar, and, as usual, I had no idea to expect. She was a nice-looking middle-aged woman. Definitely farm-girl stock, healthy and sturdy, dressed well but not showy. She could have been the president of the PTA or a former member of the high school Glee Club.

Nancy was nervous, but my job was to put her at ease. We settled in and had some cocktails and conversation. One of the go-to icebreakers often initiated by clients is why they called

a lot of listening. She hadn't been touched by another man in a very, very long time...and even longer by a man who wasn't her husband. She loosened up by the time we settled in for dinner, and started showing me more of her personality. I loosened up, too. I told a few jokes to keep things light, but made sure to share my personality with her as well. There's no formula for having a successful date with a new client, it's more about being in the moment and being sincere.

After dinner, we went to Nancy's hotel room (she had booked an overnight appointment). Nancy leaned in and shyly asked if she could kiss me. I leaned toward her, understanding that this was the first kiss she'd had in years. Though it was slightly awkward at first, things heated up right away. We made out for quite a bit. She was into it and really began to let go...but pulled back when things started getting heavy.

She asked if she could give me a massage. Giving massages was one of the things she missed most. She even brought her

NANCY NEEDED A DATING REFRESHER AND I WAS THE MAN WHO WAS GOING TO EASE HER BACK IN.

the service in the first place. Nancy shared with me that she was a widow. Her husband of 25 wonderful years had passed away a few years before, and she was picking up the pieces. She was still young enough to start over again in the dating world, but she felt terrified and awkward. Nancy needed a dating refresher course, and I was the man who was going to ease her back into it.


It may surprise you, but I've been with many women who have gone through a bad situation and needed someone like me to get themselves back out in the world. Like dating training wheels. I've been lucky with my clients. I love every one of them—I can honestly say I have never been matched up with someone that I didn't like as a person.

That said, I liked Nancy a lot.

We sat and talked in the quiet lobby bar for a few hours. I did

favorite brand of massage oil. I stripped down, laid on the bed, and she gave me an amazing massage. Slow, gentle, and tender. I loved it. We both loved it.

When I'm with a client, sex is always welcome, but it's never expected. And it's certainly not mandatory. And while Nancy was getting comfortable with me, she wasn't ready to take things that far. So we spent the night together cuddling in this really wonderful California king-size bed. I held her all night long. It was beautiful. In the morning, we had a nice big breakfast brought in by room service, and lounged around. We kissed a bit more, and then I left.

Since then, Nancy arranged a few more overnight encounters with me. She has really opened up and has started dating. Did we ever end up having sex? Most definitely! Many times. Was it good? That's a story for another time, but let's just say that it was totally worth the wait. 

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NERD CONFESSIONS AND MICRO-POLLS

BY STEVE FABER

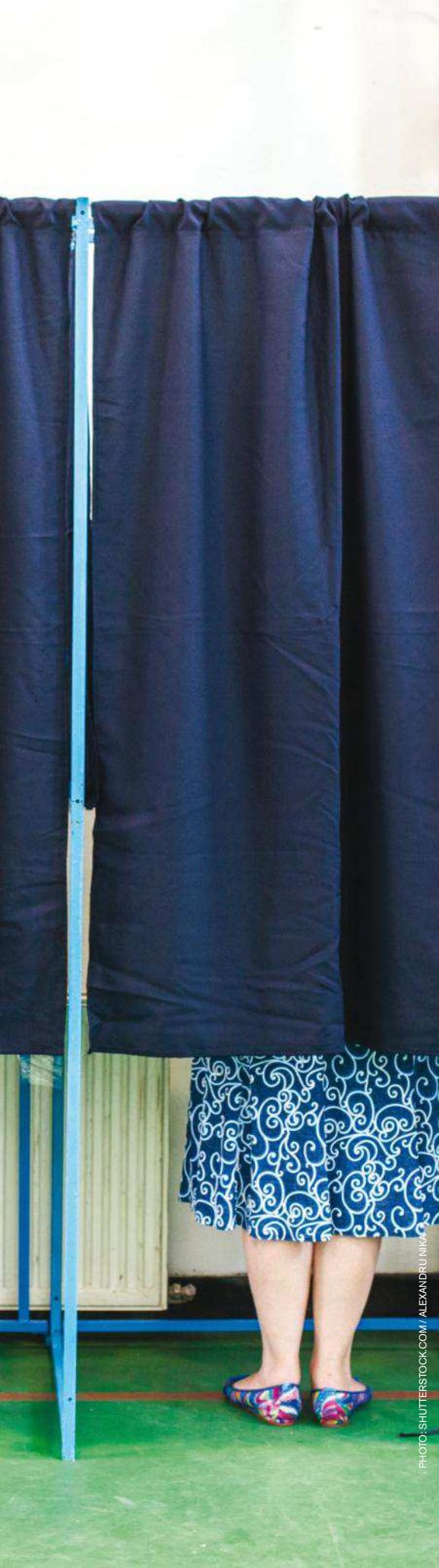
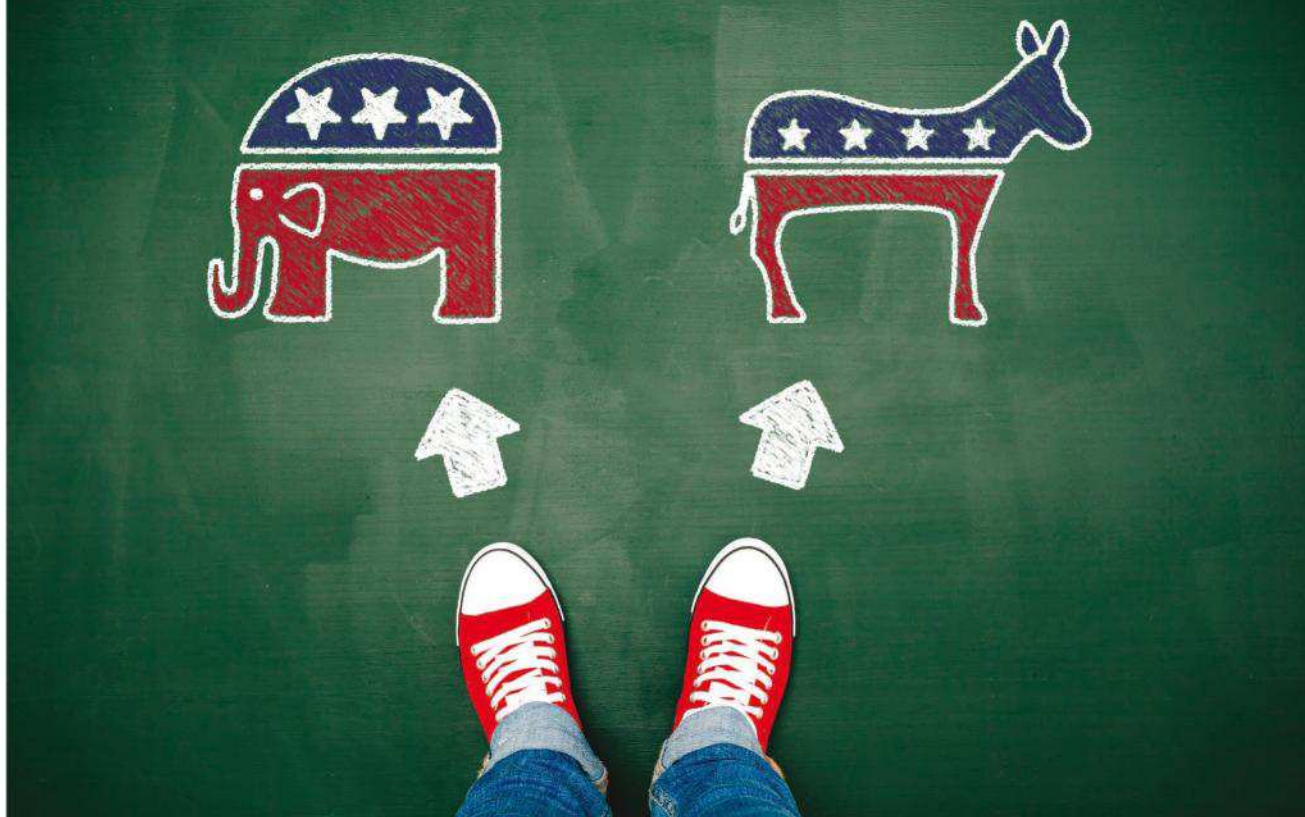


PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / ALEXANDRU NIKOLAI

I'll begin with a confession (okay, let's call it a "nerd" confession). I've been a political junkie since I could speak. Perhaps my dad had something to do with it, but we'll get to the psychoanalysis another time. And that's not even the "confession" part (although one may find some serious "nerd" in that statement).

My confession is that during an election season long, long ago, at a high school far, far away, I pretended to be a pollster. I fibbed about working for Gallup or the AP or the *L.A. Times*—I don't remember which. I picked out names from the White Pages and made a bunch of calls. I believed at the time that my political-science teacher would look kindly on this profound piece of initiative: political "science," statistic graphs, and all of the other shit that went into a pre-(Bill) Clinton election. Unsurprisingly, my poli-sci teacher found my bit of tomfoolery to be tomfoolish. He frowned on high school students pretending to be professional *anythings* other than professional high school students. As I recall, a suspension was involved.

But I learned a very valuable lesson, one that took a few years to absorb, but valuable nonetheless: If a group of Joes or Jills believe they are speaking to someone with authority, and that authority figure



ONE OF MY FAVORITE POLLING QUESTIONS IS: IF YOU WERE NOT AFRICAN-AMERICAN, WOULD YOU CONSIDER VOTING FOR TRUMP?

desires to hear the opinion of the average Joe or Jill, then that particular Joe or Jill will feel important. Really important. And I felt as if I was doing those Joes and Jills a tremendous service. I stayed in character, and Joe and Jill felt not only valued, but *valuable*.

I had one and only one question: Are you supporting Candidate A or Candidate B? That was it. I must have made sixty or seventy calls. I don't remember the results, but I do know just how profoundly different polling has since become.

This difference can be explained by a nifty newish practice called "micro-polling." Micro-polling started out fairly reasonably: They wanted to know your age, your gender, your level of education, married, single, kids, no kids...that kind of stuff. Fairly banal.

However.

As I've attempted to point out in these columns, there's not a nickel's worth of difference between Hollywood and Washington. And that's precisely why these poll questions have changed so dramatically.

Gone are the days of; Which candidate do you prefer to vote for this November? That question comes off as amateurish-beyond-simple-close-to-shithead-moronic (like the question I asked in high school). Today's polling man or woman has politicians convinced that it's more important to know *why* someone is voting for a candidate rather than *who* they're actually voting for. And so, an industry was created.

Now, Americans are polled to death on sensationalized issues like the "nuclear football," which forms the question: Who do you trust with the nuclear codes? You can probably figure out the answer here; however, the fact that Trump is losing this round of questioning isn't really his fault. But why is that?

Americans actually have no idea what the nuclear football is. I would guess that 99 percent of our citizenry view the nuclear codes much like they view the red button at the carnival that


you keep smashing until Mr. Clowny's face fills up with water and you get a cheap stuffed animal. People don't know (and I'm not suggesting they should) that the nuclear football is a set of complex calculations involving more than one person beside the president, lots of oversight, plus a bunch of time to reflect on changing your mind after you've been talked off the ledge.

One of my favorite polling questions is: If you were not African-American, would you consider voting for Trump? Answer: But I am African-American! Follow up: I know, but let's do a little thought experiment.... And on it goes (though I would have hung up), as if this particular gentleman were the Lord of the African-American Vote.

But really, the only question that truly matters is *who* you are going to vote for (if you're going to vote). The rest is bullshit created by a bullshit industry that draws attention from the bread-and-butter, job/no job, health care/no health care issues that plague us daily. Campaigns need to know the *number* of people voting for them, not *why* they're voting for them (save the exception of fine-tuning a message that pulls in a thousand votes in Scranton, Pennsylvania). But this bullshit industry hires hundreds of surrogates to hit the airwaves to either reinforce or gently walk back a candidate's off-the-cuff, caught-on-tape "position."

Polls are not scientific. Sure, you may find a great predictor like Nate Silver or Sam Wang at Princeton, but they are great predictors, not great scientists.

But why are these polls not scientific? Because these types of micro-polls are simply a reflection of the people you hang out with, their opinions, and your particular mood in the particular moment that some pollster has managed to corral.

I don't believe we care about policy anymore. We only care about *why* we care about policy—the psychoanalytics of voting, not the substance. 

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A BUSH IN THE HAND

BY ELISSA SCHAPPELL

FOR the first time in ten years, more Americans like former president George W. Bush than dislike him. This is great news! Though I wonder: Is it due to the effect the passage of time has on our memories? Or is it because the world has learned W. is painting portraits of dogs? He has painted fifty! Maybe more! He has also painted a self-portrait of himself naked in the shower. But fifty dogs! Or more! God, now I like him.

Unlike other former presidents who similarly left office as crashing failures (like Jimmy Carter), W. did not throw himself into creating some do-good foundation like Habitat for Humanity just so he could be nominated for a Nobel Peace Prize. No, Bush's prize was leaving office with the lowest approval rating of any president in thirty-five years. Good luck beating that! Even his dad, George H.W. Bush, two-term VP under Reagan and *one-term* (ha ha) president couldn't do that.

Another bonus, after what he did to this country—from rocking our faith in the political system by “winning” the election despite losing the popular vote in a constitutional coup aided by brother Jeb; to barely escaping big time trouble for his administration erasing nearly two million emails on the RNC's private server—W. left office comfortable in the knowledge that there wouldn't be another Republican president for a good long while. It was good to be (as W. himself put it) the “decider-in-chief.”

Maybe seeing all of W.'s dog paintings (fifty or more dogs!) reminds us how much the entire Bush dynasty loved dogs: the elder Bushes, former president H.W., whose Secret Service code name was “Timberwolf,” and his first lady Barbara; all those darn kids, including W. (code name “Tumbler,” no doubt for pratfalls and whiskey glasses); and all them Bushie grandkids rolling around like puppies, including “Jebby's kids...the little brown ones,” as

George Senior so lovingly referred to the half-Mexican offspring of his favorite son. Or, dang it, maybe we're just wistful because the entire country was crazy about their jowly spaniel Millie who “wrote” that best-selling White House tell-all page-turner, *Millie's Book*.

Maybe we're longing for a political dynasty that's all about simple: Simple men. Simple women. The days when the most shocking thing a first lady like Barbara Bush—in her Mrs. Claus sweater and ping-pong-ball pearls—could do was refer to the Democratic VP candidate Geraldine Ferraro as “something that rhymes with witch.” Whoa, Babs, take it easy. Or when we looked in the eyes of First Lady Laura Bush—an immobile grin pinned to her face like

a second-grade substitute teacher addicted to painkillers—and were reminded that the wacky Bush family was just like our own.

Maybe we're nostalgic because the photo of first lady-hopeful and ex-model Melania Trump—in a thong and boots, with a gun at the ready, posed on the wing of a plane like she's hijacking it to Bikini Wax Island—is just too much (Editor's note: ex-model Melania—in a thong and boots, with a gun at the ready is NOT too much for us!). Too much and too soon, perhaps, after the unspeakable scandal of First Lady Michelle Obama baring

her beautifully ripped black arms in a sleeveless sheath dress. *Of course* her critics weren't being racist, they just didn't think flashing those guns was appropriate behavior for a first lady.

Or maybe we just miss the Bushes, particularly W., because Barack (code name “Renegade”) Obama—with his mastery of the English language, talent for eating snack foods without hurting himself or others, and ability to save the economy—is simply an overload.

There are some Republicans who look back at the Reagan years with stars in their eyes, longing for the glamour the GOP possessed in the 1980s—the days when “GOP” stood for Grand

“**THE BUSHES ARE
REGULAR PEOPLE, AND
WE REGULAR PEOPLE
DON'T ALWAYS DO THE
“RIGHT” THING.**”

Old Party. Granted, the GOP of today isn't very glamorous or fun. This GOP party, the "Get Out, Pedro!" party with its wacky tea-bag-festooned hats and American-flag tube tops, is frankly a bit tacky. Even though we love those made-in-China "Hillary for Prison" T-shirts, they look cheap. What this country needs is old money and old values and an old family. The Bushes' "Good Old Pig-in-a-Blanket" party.

The Bushes are regular people, and we regular people don't always do the "right" thing. Of course, Senior got bored during those stupid debates—jeez, how those guys could gas on?—and check his watch. He just couldn't be sure if the VCR was going to actually record that night's episode of *Dynasty*. And of course he wanted to please everyone, so he said, "Read my lips, no new taxes," promising he wouldn't raise taxes while uncomfortably making us think about his mouth. But then he raised taxes, and look what that got him: one term.

Sure, W. was razed for supposedly misspeaking—"Rarely is the question asked: Is our children learning?"—but how many of us home-schooling parents haven't asked ourselves that exact same question?

And so what if W. can't eat pretzels? Pretzels are, if you look at them, an intricately twisted snack food. They're downright dangerous. And we like the fact that Senior, while attending a dinner for 135 diplomats, barfed in the lap of the Japanese prime minister. (Earlier that day, Japan's emperor badly beat Bush at tennis. He won't do that again, will he!) 41 is still the only U.S. president with balls big enough to vomit in the lap of a foreign dignitary.

Of course W. was equally at ease with world leaders and luminaries—always with something cute to say. Like when he responded to a speech Pope Benedict made, saying, "Thank you, Your Holiness. Awesome speech." Or when he gave German Chancellor, Angela Merkel, a light-hearted grope.

Both George Senior and W. served their countries. Senior served with distinction as a Navy pilot in WWII. When it was W.'s turn to serve (in Vietnam), he wasn't an idiot: He let his dad get him into the Texas National Guard. Wisely, instead of wasting his God-given potential, W. cut out two years before his service ended. While some may call it "deserting," "going AWOL," or "stepping out for a beer," I call it "knowing one's limits." And he had clearly reached his.

Sure, some people raised a ruckus about W.'s lack of service, but nobody cares anymore. Obama registered for the draft when he turned 18. Did you know that? No. Why? Because no one cares. What matters is that there's photographic evidence of W. looking very snazzy in his military garb.

Thankfully, the fact that W. never served in the real live military did not hamper his desire to engage in war while in office. Always a thoughtful military tactician, Bush said, "Our enemies are innovative and resourceful, and so are we. They never stop thinking about new ways to harm our country and our people, and neither do we."

It's important for a president to keep his or her (just kidding!) priorities straight. One of them is his health. It would be hard to

imagine another president with the kind of stamina and chutzpah required to vacation as hard as W., who, in eight years, logged approximately 1,020 vacation days, the most of any president, including Teddy Roosevelt, who served for 12 years. W.'s epic five-week-long staycation in Crawford, Texas, "the Western White House," was the longest any president had taken in the previous 35 years. Some paper-pushers would have you believe that Bush's trips to Crawford cost the American people somewhere around \$20 million, but who can count that high? And who can put a price tag on sleeping in your own bed? With your own pillow? At the end of his two terms, W. had spent 32 percent of his presidency on vacation, or about the same ratio of his studying-to-partying at Yale.

You know what else we've missed for eight years? Hair. Obama's silver-cropped hair is just fine, but it turned gray, like, what, overnight? W. had a great head of hair. Real go-ahead-and-tug-on-it hair. Coming straight up out of his head! Nay, W. didn't need to call in the hair-equivalent of David Blaine to conjure up a full head of orange follicles, unlike some people.

Every day of his presidency, you'd see W. out and about, jogging, clearing brush, his hair blowing gently in the breeze. Sometimes you'd see him at rest, sitting down, kicking back, relaxing, and there was his hair. It didn't scare you or make you question the existence of God. You never see Trump relaxing, you never even see him sit down, except in his airplane. And after seeing pictures of him sitting in his airplane (not the one Melania was pretending to hijack), it's clear from the elaborate network of bobby-pins-and-hairline (what experts point to as evidence of a scalp transplant) why Trump prefers—wattle be damned—to be shot standing, and from below.

It's time to ditch the comb-over—we want a comeback!

"Leading" was always the George Bush way. How wonderful that both

W. and 41 were not only presidents of the United States, but presidents of their fraternity at Yale! Unfortunately, while W. was president, the fraternity took some flack in the *Yale Daily News* for their light-hearted hazing and degrading of pledges. Nothing too bad, just beating them senseless and branding a "D" on their asses with a red-hot coat hanger. As W. patiently explained to the *New York Times* when they broke the story (what a bunch of hysterical pantywaists), those brands were, in his words, nothing worse than "cigarette burns." And as you well know, once you start cracking down on the light-hearted fun of beating and burning people, you're liable to call waterboarding "torture."

You can't say W.'s presidency was boring. Or that he didn't work hard. Do you think that Clinton-era surplus just spent itself? It's not Bush's fault that the 22 million jobs created during the Clinton administration went away. Many overseas—literally. Wars cost money! And, yes, at the end of eight years, he'd lost four million jobs, but it could have been worse. Imagine if all the Taco Bells in the U.S. moved back to Mexico! It took a whole lot of work to further deregulate the banking industry and cut taxes for the top one percent. "You bet I cut the taxes at the top," W. said. "That encourages entrepreneurship. What we Republicans

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**AT THE END OF HIS
TWO TERMS, W. HAD
SPENT 32 PERCENT
OF HIS PRESIDENCY
ON VACATION.**
”





should stand for is growth in the economy. We ought to make the pie higher." Of course we should. Anyone who has eaten hash brownies knows that.

On the gains side, it was the Bush SCOTUS that turned corporations into people. (Yay, *Citizens United!*)

Do you know how much work it takes to dismantle a century's worth of environmental protection laws in order to benefit the oil and coal industries? Do you know how hard it is to convince people that global warming isn't real? (Actually, it's not as hard as you might think once you muzzle those yappy government climate scientists and have the Big Oil lawyers rewrite their reports.) *Let them eat coal! Let them drink lead! Let them burn!* People can gripe, but no one can say W. didn't consider the long-term effects of his reckless short-sighted energy policies: "I know the human being and fish can coexist peacefully," he said.

People act like the Iraqi invasion was just something that magically happened after 9/11. Perhaps because the 9/11 terrorist attack wasn't really the work of Saddam Hussein, but Osama bin Laden, and Bush's army killed Saddam, not bin Laden, Obama killed bin Laden...it's confusing. The point is that it took a lot of time, energy, and lying to gin up fake intelligence so the invasion could get off the ground! It would be great if searching for WMDs was as much fun as searching for Margaret Thatcher's panties during a Skull and Bones scavenger hunt.

The Iraq invasion began in March 2002, and that May, Bush, in his spiffy *Top Gun* flight suit and aviators, stood on the deck of an aircraft carrier, smirking triumphantly, in front of a banner declaring, "Mission Accomplished"! It was a beautiful graphic.

"Major combat operations in Iraq have ended," W. crowed. "In the battle of Iraq, the United States and our allies have prevailed." This would have been true if "prevailing" meant just knocking down a statue of Saddam Hussein—like the Iraq invasion was little more than a game of Capture the Flag.

No, the Americans weren't greeted as "liberators," as administration officials had predicted. The seeds of democracy W. hoped to plant and water with the blood of Saddam did not bear fruit. Of course, the invasion would rage on for eight more years, with 4,500 Americans and half a million Iraqis dead, and all of this fun for the cost of around \$2 trillion. This wasn't a result of poor planning, or bad intelligence, or soaring egoism, as brother Jeb explained when asked about his brother's record. It was simply "bad luck."

People seem to forget—because so many people died in Iraq and Afghanistan—that Bush really did have a big heart and was a great problem-solver. Explaining the way he reached out to ordinary folks who wanted to get involved in the peace process, he said, "People say, 'How can I help on this war against terror? How can I fight evil?' You can do so by mentoring a child; by going into a shut-in's house and say, 'I love you.'" I ask you, how many people would think to fight hatred against the USA by liberating a shut-in—whether agoraphobic or diabetic or just really unfriendly—with proclamations of love?

It's not easy to stand up to foreign leaders when they speak your language but you don't speak theirs. It's like they're always speaking in code! But you know the world got the message when Bush said (and we're paraphrasing here), "Sayonara, Kyoto Protocol! We made those greenhouse-gas emissions, and, heck, we're gonna keep 'em!"

The Bushes were true-blue and loyal to a fault. Bush's reaction to his old pal and FEMA director Michael Brown's staggering failure to manage Katrina relief was to throw an arm around his shoulders and proclaim, "Brownie, you're doing a heck of a job!" Decider-in-chief, denier-in-chief, call it what you want.

According to a poll conducted by Healthline, 76 percent of Americans think it's of utmost importance that the leader of the free world be able to walk up a flight of stairs without getting dizzy and passing out (sorry, Chris Christie), as well as have healthy eating habits (sorry, Mitt Romney, whose perverse love of ice-cream sundae bars and addiction to Rocky Road is no laughing matter).

Senior Bush is, let's face it, not in the kind of shape needed to run again. But W...W. is widely considered to be the fittest fifty of them all. Not only does he have the body of a fifty-year-old—he runs, lifts weights, cuts brush—he has lightning-fast reflexes. Witness the scene of W. ducking a shoe thrown at him by an Iraqi journalist. Sure, Obama could grab a fly out of the air, but how often does a person need to do that? And anyway, *real* men (or men who are used to dealing with piles of shit) don't mind flies.

Donald Trump attributes his boyish figure to playing golf—"very pleasurable exercise"—a few times a week, and rarely eats on the campaign trail, instead finding the rush he gets speaking

before large crowds to be food enough. That said, in 1992, *Spy* magazine published an investigative report that concluded Trump was hooked on a diet drug called Tenuate Dospan, whose side effects include a "false or unusual sense of well-being," "confusion," and "hallucinations."

That could explain a lot of things. You won't see HRC in a sports bra on the treadmill—but that's because she's got a personal trainer. Just don't ask to see the records of her workout sessions, they've been deleted.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if presidents were chosen on the basis of winning various feats of strength? Running, jumping, kicking. How much more entertaining would campaign season be if it played out over one season of *American Ninja Warrior*? Well, one can dream. And if W., at this time in his life, doesn't want to get back into the sweaty, nasty political arena—which really has become all about show business—maybe he'd prefer to boldly go forth and take the next logical step of picking up the mantle as America's Foremost Painting Instructor (a post left behind by the late, charismatic American painter and *Joy of Painting* TV host Bob Ross). Can't you hear W's voice in your head right now? So soothing, so encouraging, so positive: "*We don't make mistakes, just happy little accidents.*" Fifty dogs! 🐕➡️

“
**THE SEEDS OF
DEMOCRACY W.
HOPED TO PLANT AND
WATER WITH THE
BLOOD OF SADDAM
DID NOT BEAR FRUIT.**
”

FORUM REJECTS

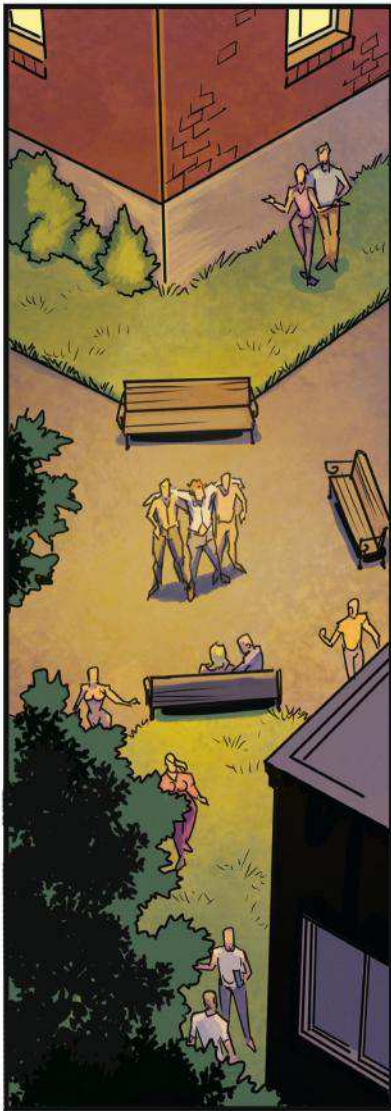


ILLUSTRATION BY JASON JOHNSON

FORUM REJECTS

THE BEST OF THE WORST FROM PENTHOUSE LETTERS

DEAR Penthouse,
Like most people, my freshman year in college was a blend of wonderful, awkward, and horrifying. I was experiencing a transition, shedding my introverted former self and discovering my true personality...one that was unencumbered by all of the constricting social pressures of high school. It also didn't hurt that I was three thousand miles from home.

I quickly settled in and found a good group of friends—mostly guys who lived on the same floor of my dorm. One Friday night, a few of us made our way to the courtyard, which was situated between my dorm and three others. I guess that's called a quad? We were looking for a quiet place to smoke weed and drink a few Olde English 800s—you know, freshman shit. Well, this place was anything but quiet.

We had stumbled into the local *meet* market. This was *the* Friday night hookup spot. If you were looking to get some action, just troll the quad, find a suitable partner, create a flimsy excuse to get you both back to your dorm room, and *blammo!*—you're fuckin'. Naturally, we all split up...like, immediately.

I walked a lap around the courtyard and bumped into a girl from one of my classes. Olivia was super hot. We had spoken only a few times in passing, but here she was...with me...at the hookup spot. I was so excited I didn't even give her a proper hello.

"Hey, Olivia. Do you know anything about houseplants?" I asked.

"Houseplants?"

"Yeah. I just bought one, but it's looking a little yellow."

Yes, I'm an idiot. But it worked! We headed back to my room, made out a little in the elevator, made out a little more in the hallway, kept making out in the common room, and then headed for my room...which was locked, because my roommate was hooking up.

Fortunately, this minor setback didn't slow us down. We just moved the party to the comfy couch in the common room. It was risky—anyone could have walked in—but it was awesome. She asked if I had a condom. Of course I did—it had embossed a ring into my wallet. I turned off the lights so we were under the cover of pitch darkness, put the condom on, and climbed on top of her. Olivia grabbed my dick and gently tried to guide it inside her. It didn't fit.

As much as I would love to pretend my dick size isn't slightly below average, it had nothing to do with me. She was really tight. Finally, after a few minutes of what felt like trying to push a hot dog through a wall, I managed to get the tip in. Olivia let out a little moan and pulled me closer. "Yeah, baby. Fuck me, baby," she squealed. She started to get pretty wet, which made pushing the rest of my less-than-standard girth inside her much easier.

Sex with Olivia was wonderful. We connected rhythmically and our thrusts, bucks, humps, pushes, and pulls were all in sync. I was lost in the moment—deep, passionate kisses, her fingers in my mouth, mine in hers, and that tight, wet pussy that just gripped my dick. Her breathing got heavier and mine followed...neither one of us could hold back. I plunged my cock deep inside of her and we both came hard.

I gave her a long kiss, pulled out, removed my condom, and floundered about in the darkness looking for the bathroom. Olivia followed, resting her hand on my shoulder and following my lead.

The bathroom lights were jarring—super harsh fluorescent bulbs. I caught a glimpse of our reflection. A fucking murder scene! Olivia and I were covered in blood from nipples to knees, with spatters and smears on my chin, my shoulder, and in my mouth. I felt like I was going to pass out. Which one of us was bleeding? Was she hurt? Was I hurt? And was I going to get my security deposit back after whatever the fuck I just did to the couch?

"Is now a good time to tell you I was a virgin?" she asked.

—Denny B. Tuscaloosa, AL

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TRIM THE HEDGES

Riley Nixon and Georgia Jones penetrate the dense bush on a private cooter safari in search of the elusive muff scruff. We sure hope they find what they came for.

Photography: Tammy Sands











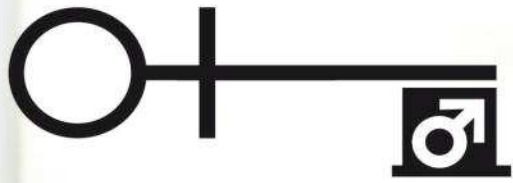






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MUSICAL MISSILES

ON THE FRONT LINES, MUSIC PLAYS A POWERFUL ROLE.
BY CHRIS SHEARER

THERE'S a theater to fighting. Be it two young men swinging fists in a ring or thousands of people shooting at one another in the ruins of a city, there is an undeniable human drama that plays out. Maybe that's why music is intrinsically linked to war—powerful drama needs a powerful soundtrack.

In Syria and Iraq, this human drama is once again playing out with a unique score, as various forces struggle to dislodge Islamic State fighters from their stubbornly held ground. Soran Qurbani is a Kurdish-Iranian journalist who's been on the front lines of the war on ISIS almost a dozen times since late 2014. Over the years, he's been compiling footage and interviews for a documentary about the music of this conflict. We talked with him about how it's helping in the fight against ISIS.

When I was in Sinjar, in northwestern Iraq, most of the time we were driving [from] place to place, so they played music on the radio through these USB sticks. I noticed most fighters had one USB stick in their pack because they don't have mobile phones or computers or iPads or whatever. Whenever they find an opportunity, they put the USB stick on so you can hear some music. It was mostly Kurdish music or, from time to time, some Turkish or Arabic music, because some are Arab or Turkish fighters. But the majority of it was revolutionary tracks. [The songs] talk about the revolution in Kurdistan in general—talk about oppression, talk about uprising, talk about martyrs. That sort of music I really found nice because of the atmosphere, the circumstance [of] where we were, was matched with the moment. Because,

fighting. So all of this makes it harder, but I saw some. We have this instrument called a *tembûr*, a kind of stringed, fretted instrument. It's very popular because it has a very primitive, nostalgic sound. So some have that, some have drums. They play these from time to time at the front because, you see, fighting is not 24 hours a day, so they have a lot of spare time. So they are gathering, they sing, they dance. It's very useful. It brings them to a different level, mentally.

I guess when you have the time, music is one of the few comforts on the front.

Yes, yes, exactly. At that time it works perfectly. When some people have skills like that, even when they don't have an instrument but a nice voice, they can sing. It's [the] kind of thing that relieves, so they can enjoy being together. Music plays a

“A FEW TIMES I FOUND THESE USB STICKS THAT BELONGED TO ISIS FIGHTERS, AND I CHECKED WHAT THEY HAD INSIDE THEM. APART FROM MANY PHOTOGRAPHS, SELFIES, [AND] MEMORIES, THERE WAS MUSIC.”

What sort of things do people listen to on the front lines? Are we talking traditional music, modern Middle Eastern, or Kanye West?

Sometimes you come across Western rap when they are driving. I remember I was at the Hasakah front line in Syria, and they were playing one song, “Come Baby Come.” And there were a bunch of fighters behind the pickup [truck], all of them shouting. So, from time to time, you come across these things, but mainly they play traditional music, folk music, or primitive.... It's not classified; it's just music, just relief.

imagine a fighter going from one position to another and only has a short time to listen to music. He or she uses the opportunity to listen to this track, and maybe the next day they're not alive anymore. It's a kind of thing that works with the situation.

Apart from mp3s, some fighters bring their own instruments to the front lines, right?

Yes, some of them have some skills in playing an instrument. Of course, carrying instruments to the front line—the conditions make it not a good idea because of the weather, all they have to carry, and the

great role, I think, in that circumstance.

There was one guy they nicknamed “Rambo,” who carried a *daf*, a kind of drum. It's actually a religious instrument. They had just liberated a town called Shyukh, on the east bank of the Euphrates, so they were super happy because the operation was well done, and the town was strategic. For all of them, it was kind of symbolic and a nice moment. They were tired, and he was sitting in the shade of a tree, and he played his *daf*. He was playing this same rhythm, all the time, and fighters were dancing, and he was making [up] a song by himself. “We



Kurdish fighter finds a moment of peace.



Kurdish female sniper, Hunda.



Rambo and his traditional daf.

are fighting here, Daesh [a more recent name for ISIS] is running away." It was kind of funny, with this religious instrument. And all of them were enjoying it.

[Rambo] could play everything he said. He was telling me a story about the siege of Kobani. During a battle, they had a few wounded comrades next to them, Daesh was attacking them. He said it was a moment where all of them were broken. He said, "I tried to find a solution, what can I do?" He saw a *tembûr* and grabbed it and started playing. "And I played and I played crazily," he said. "And all of my comrades stood and said, 'Let's fight back,' and we defeated ISIS that night."

It gave them a kind of courage to continue?

Yeah. He was saying that it was effective. Music is a kind of magic. He was talking about how it can affect people's morale. That night it worked perfectly. He said, "We defeated ISIS that night because of my music. Otherwise, all of us would have been killed."

It's pretty common for athletes to get themselves in the zone with music before performing, but do soldiers also

somehow. Very slowly written, old guys' voices. And she was waiting behind her Dragunov [sniper rifle].

She spent the time with that music. Otherwise, if it was just silent, it was unbearable. With music, she made it shorter. She was enjoying it at the same time. Sometimes she was singing along and waiting for the enemy. It was the moment I saw music has a different function for her. It was slow, and the battle was slow. Together she made a combination of the music and waiting for the enemy. It was very nice.

When I think about war and music, my mind keeps wandering back to that helicopter-assault scene from *Apocalypse Now*, where they're blasting "Ride of the Valkyries" because Kilgore thinks it freaks out the Viet Cong. Have you seen anyone try to use music as a psychological weapon like that?

Once we went to Makhmur in Iraqi Kurdistan, southeast of Mosul. I was with the Iraqi Army in a Humvee, driving to a village that was just liberated. It was a very dangerous and risky place. It was possible that ISIS would counterattack. And they

background. So they probably listen to this stuff during battle. I [heard] some—one was probably in Chechnya, one was probably an Asian language. So they had different sorts of music—different versions, different languages. In every society, music plays a great role. Everywhere you go, you can listen to music, everywhere around the world. So those kids that join ISIS also grow up in that atmosphere, so that's why they have to do something with music. They can't live without music.

It soothes, it energizes, it focuses.

Yeah. Think: Without music, what can be? Then we can understand the importance of music. Because when fighting is very tough, like what I saw last time in Manbij, every day they lost friends and fighters, so there was silence. That kind of silence was very heavy for them; it was very tough. You've been with someone and today he or she is gone. But when music came, this atmosphere completely changed. People were traveling with that music somehow. They were not in the same mood. Especially those songs that were revolutionary, talking about martyrs. Immediately you could feel it, the relief. It was a kind of [aspirin] to

"SHE WAS HIDING IN A SMALL ROOM, A BASEMENT, AND THERE WERE A COUPLE OF HOLES IN THE WALL. SHE WAS WAITING FOR THE ENEMY TO MOVE, TO HIT THEM, TO HUNT THEM."

use music to pump themselves up before a fight?

I haven't seen it in reality, but I've heard on the Peshmerga [Iraqi Kurdish militia] side, because some of them have mobile phones, [that] some listen to music during clashes. But I haven't seen it myself. But I came across a sniper in Sinjar named Hunda. She was hiding in a small room, a basement, and there were a couple of holes in the wall. She was waiting for the enemy to move, to hit them, to hunt them. She was an excellent sniper. One day she let me go with her to witness what she's doing. And so we went there, and she brought out a little speaker, and she put a USB stick on it. The first thing she did was put on music and then she prepared her things.

It was very calm, kind of folk music. I supposed she might listen to other music, modern music. But it was very old folk music, like 60 to 70 years old. And she was listening to that, and she started to wait. And wait. Hours of waiting. This music kind of went parallel with her waiting. It was about traditional love. Very sad music

had amplified speakers, the soldiers were carrying them, and they were playing Iraqi songs in Arabic [about] about how the Iraqi army is brave and how they defeat those enemies, that kind of thing. It was very loud, so probably ISIS could hear it. So it was to send a message, like propaganda. On the other hand, ISIS also uses those kinds of things.

I thought ISIS prohibited listening to music? One of the guys that helped found their ultraconservative interpretation of Islam in the fourteenth century even wrote that "music was the alcohol of the soul."

Yeah. They produce their own music of this sort. Religious music. A few times I found these USB sticks that belonged to ISIS fighters, and I checked what they had inside them. Apart from many photographs, selfies, memories, there was music. It was all about Allah. I felt it had the same rhythm as reading the Quran, plus music. I couldn't listen to that, because the words were all about heaven, paradise, Allah, God, this kind of thing. But there was music in the

relieve the pain. This music worked like that. There's no decision about that, no "Let's play music together to relieve the pain." It just happens. But at the same time, they sometimes play music to express their happiness. If they can't find music, some would sing. I saw this many times in Iraq and Syria.

There have been rumors for months now that the battle for Raqqa, the capital of the Islamic State caliphate, is going to start by the end of the year. Let's say it starts tomorrow. What music would you take to the battle?

I would pick a track called *Mem û Zîn*. It's kind of *The Iliad* or *The Odyssey* in Kurdish—two lovers who have never met. It's very soft, very sad at the same time, very nostalgic. I think most of the soldiers live with this nostalgia for their entire lives. Doesn't matter which soldier, I think most soldiers have a lot to tell, and music might tell this in a different way. I'd like to have Pink Floyd over there, but I think it wouldn't work. The fighting rhythm would change.

[Laughs] ☺



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Khizr Khan, whose son Humayun S.M. Khan was one of 14 American Muslims who died serving the United States in the ten years after 9/11, speaks during the final day of the 2016 Democratic National Convention, on July 28, 2016, with his wife Ghazala by his side.

POLITICAL BATTLES OF THE HIGHEST DISORDER

BY MATT GALLAGHER

AS I sit down to write this month's Embrace the Suck, political Silly Season hath begun in earnest. My people, 2016 is gonna be one of those elections we tell our kids and grandkids about, and probably not for the right reasons. We've had multiple email scandals! The possibility of Russian involvement! Secret Service subtweets! And this was all pre-October surprise.

[Bart Scott voice:] CAN'T. WAIT.

In the midst of all this madness, the Republican nominee, one Donald John Trump (perhaps you've heard of him?) got into an ugly back-and-forth with a Gold Star U.S. Army family, Khizr and Ghazala Khan. The Khans lost their son, Captain Humayun Khan, to a car bomb in Iraq in 2004. Immigrants to America from Pakistan, the Khans made national news at the Democratic National Convention when Khizr gave a speech, with his wife at his side, that criticized Trump's worldview and a number of his proposed policies. Trump responded (as Trump is wont to do) by alleging that the Clinton campaign had written Khan's speech, and wondering why Ghazala hadn't spoken. The Khans pushed back, and a legitimate political brouhaha broke out between the Republican presidential nominee and two parents of a fallen American soldier.

To be open and frank, I think Trump is clown shoes and can't understand why any thinking citizen would ever consider voting for him. Nuclear codes for the guy who gets into Twitter beefs with egg avatars? GREAT IDEA. That said, I realize that many

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / THE WASHINGTON POST



HONORABLE MILITARY SERVICE IS—WELL, WAS—ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING SACRED COWS LEFT IN AMERICAN POLITICS.

of my fellow citizens disagree with me on that, including a portion of the veteran population. Even my Trump-supporting friends, however, thought he went too far by engaging with the Khans. Honorable military service is—well, was—one of the few remaining sacred cows left in American politics. It's not partisan to say that we all lose when something like this breaks out in the lead-up to a national election.

Which is one reason of many I was so stoked to see the bipartisan letter written by prominent veterans leaders sent to Trump (and published in *The Washington Post*). "We are writing as a matter of honor and not as a matter of politics" was the group's declaration, before admonishing Trump for disparaging the Khans and comparing some of his business successes to military service. The signatories of the letter do indeed run the political gamut—from Congressman Seth Moulton to Medal of Honor recipient Dakota Meyer to Pat Tillman Foundation president and Gold Star widow Marie Tillman to Team Rubicon founder Jake Wood. Those are just four names of forty, and I highly recommend anyone interested in the letter find it online. It's affirming to read such clear directness, refreshing in this season of polemical hysteria, and inspiring in its ability to rise above the political fray and still deliver a powerful message.

I've written here before about the professional veteran, the politicized veteran, and how these things may not be the healthiest for the American republic in the era of the all-volunteer force. Full transparency, I more had the young guns in mind with those representations, not old-dog generals. And yet! It's the old-dog generals who are getting into it....

First, retired generals John Allen and Michael Flynn gave fiery, impassioned speeches at the Democratic and Republican conventions, respectively. Then retired general Martin Dempsey (former head of the Joint Chiefs) wrote an op-ed reproving such speechmaking by retired flag officers. That, in turn, led to response op-eds by other flag officers, such as retired admiral Eric Olson (whose middle name is Thor, definitely worth mentioning), who made the case that they knew where Dempsey was coming

from but felt he was overstating his case. After all, generals Washington, Grant, and Eisenhower (among many others) went on to successful political careers post-military. Wasn't this just part of a tried and true American tradition?

Such smack-talk! Such fracas! Remain morally sound and temperate, gentlemen, you have grandchildren to consider!

In their own way, the retired generals and admirals are grappling over the same ideas and questions the veteran, foreign affairs, and engaged civilian communities have been for the past fifteen years—even longer, probably. Where does public service end and private citizenship begin? How does a veteran of any rank swear an oath to serve the republic no matter what and then reconcile their own personal views and beliefs after the fact, and later, after their service? How does the enduring nature of the Forever War impact and shape the nature of that oath, and those personal views and beliefs?

These generals and admirals are men and women who devoted their entire lives to the armed services. Not only do they have a right to give voice to their minds post-retirement, one could make a strong case that they have an obligation to—that such is a natural extension of their previous service to nation. That said, Dempsey played a necessary and vital role in all this—pushing back against the vitriol and rhetoric needed to happen, and could only happen with one of their own. This election is bonkers enough already. The last thing we need is a Generals Battle Royale in the Arena. (Though if that does end up happening, rest assured I'll be appealing to the *Penthouse* overlords for media credentials for said event.)

Election Day can't come quickly enough. Whatever happens then—whether it's Clinton or Trump or Gary Johnson or Jill Stein—will be up to all of us. We're going to need to put all the unleashed Crazy back into the box and lock it away. Here's hoping that the unleashed Crazy *can* be put back into the box and locked away. Because if not, a lot worse things than media squabbles involving presidential nominees, Gold Star families, and ex-generals await. ☪

libido | noun | li-bi-do

1: A person's desire to have sex.

2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.



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MEET YOUR MEAT

BY RACHEL SWIMMER

YOU may know me as Tasha Reign, porn actress, model, and all-around sex vixen. I chose this profession; I wasn't duped, or coerced, or sold into it. I love my job, and am thankful for all the opportunities the adult industry has afforded me. I worked damn hard in school and graduated from UCLA. Countless overnights, term papers, midterms, and final exams, all juggled with my blossoming career in the porn industry. It was a luxury—making adult films with the mind-set of a women's studies major at a prestigious institution, fueling my drive to change the world while paying for my college education.

I am a feminist. I make art with my body. I make money with my body, too. This is my choice and my right. A woman should have full autonomy over her own body—be it having sex on camera or wearing a burkini on a beach somewhere in France. But it's difficult for people to grasp the idea that someone can be both sexual and intellectual. These traits are not mutually exclusive. I have a brain. I am capable of free thought and complex emotions. And, I have sex on camera because I enjoy it. Bow to me.

But being a sex worker comes with its own unique, often overlooked, set of challenges, to say the least. And we are frequently blamed for many of the social problems that mainstream society would rather not acknowledge.

As a porn star, even dating can be frustrating. Every night there is a barrage of pro athletes, comedians, and other confident gentlemen sliding into my social media and hitting me on DM to "hang out," or "date," or "fly me out."

Most recently, there was an NHL player who pursued me. It started off fine—friendly banter over Instagram. He liked my body, I liked his...and soon we graduated to texting. He was very charming and romantic. He wanted to meet in person, so he bought me a ticket to fly out and see him. It was lovely. I really enjoyed his company.

In the beginning of our courtship, he was very sweet. But as time went on, something in his brain switched and our romance rapidly devolved. He expressed anger at my "first interracial scene." I thought he was joking, but he was very serious. Apparently, it didn't bother him that I did scenes with other men, but their race was an issue. Finally, he punctuated our brief interaction with a few texts. Nicer ones like, "I'm just not looking for a serious relationship," "I'm just not at the place in my life," and "I just don't want to share you." And not-so-nice ones like, "Your parents can't be proud of you," and "You're a slut."

Unfortunately, this behavior is pretty typical. This guy actively sought me out because of who I am, was interested in dating me

because of who I am, but because he couldn't deal with the reality of who I am, tried to shame me in an effort to make himself feel better about his own shortcomings.

But he is not alone in his actions.

During my days as a college student, I was confronted by a fellow "feminist" while guest lecturing on a panel about feminism and the adult industry. This woman was looking for a fight. She scathed that she had seen a porn video in which a man called a woman a "whore" and a "stupid slut." She aggressively disapproved. What she failed to realize is that the

adult industry is a business predicated on supply and demand. The industry didn't create the idea or the practice of degrading women. On the contrary, the video was made because there was a demand for it, by men and women. Porn is an objective reflection of what the market—and society at large—wants. Turn our culture into a feminist one, and porn will follow.

"You are perpetuating these attitudes in a society that oppresses women!" she announced. "How could you be so naive?"

"Naive." That's always the assumption. I was her fellow student. I was lecturing her, sharing my experiences. Yet somehow I'm dumb or gullible, because, to her, porn stars do what they do because they aren't smart enough to do anything else. That stigma has been drilled into us from the time we identify what a "whore" is. For a

**“
NO MATTER HOW
MUCH I ACCOMPLISH,
I WILL ALWAYS BE
REDUCED TO WHAT I
DO FOR A LIVING.
”**

porn star, this kind of sexual shaming is an everyday reality.

No matter how educated I become, no matter how much I write and accomplish and enlighten and fight, I will always be reduced by this kind of so-called feminist to what I do for a living. I wanted to shout that at her. But I was rendered unable to speak or move. I was almost in tears, actually.

I fail to see what much of the world sees—I fail to see what's wrong with having and enjoying sex on camera. And while the social issues I encounter because of my work are all too real, there are many other financial, legal, and safety issues I face that punish me for living the honest life I have chosen.

Think keeping your legally earned and taxable income at a bank is a walk in the park? It is if you're not a sex worker. It's not that simple for me. Banks have the "right" to choose whose money they want associated with their business. In recent years, hundreds of performers have had their Chase bank accounts frozen and/or shut down due to being affiliated with this legal business we call pornography. I've had numerous accounts closed on me as well.

Can you imagine if your bank closed your account because of your job? Or because of your religion? Or because of your sexual preference? It's demoralizing, like they think that my money and I are tainted. I wonder how many Chase executives watch porn, only to wash up, go to work, and deny me the basic universal privilege of a low-interest savings account. What if doctors and lawyers magically lost favor with banks? Or blue-collar workers?

The banking system, however, is emblematic of a larger issue: a lack of legal protections and advocacy for people who work in the sex industry.

If a college girl goes to a frat party and gets raped or assaulted, it's widely (and correctly) seen as a tragedy. No normal person would think otherwise. But if I was still in college and I went to a frat party (which I steered clear of during my years on campus) and got raped or assaulted, what kind of prejudices do you think the police, a judge, and jury would bring to that trial?

In February 2014, a Duke freshman alleged that she was raped and was immediately discredited (in court and by her community) when it was revealed that she had starred in pornographic films. The message was clear: We are rape-able. I guess that when I decided to make a living with my body and my sexuality, I signed over my human rights as well. Yes, adult film stars are consenting adults in movies, but that certainly doesn't mean we are universally consenting to all sexual acts. How is this so hard to understand?

Don't worry about me. I will continue to thrive in a career that I love. But I would also like some semblance of a sane social life, a reliable bank account, equal legal protection, and to engage in a normal conversation with someone from the mainstream every once in a while. Attacking a sex worker is fairly easy, but I fear that the problems I face are more deeply rooted in our collective DNA as a way for some to protect themselves against a larger societal shame that limits their life choices.

So my question remains: If I have the balls to get naked on camera, why don't so many others have the balls to fucking get over themselves? —



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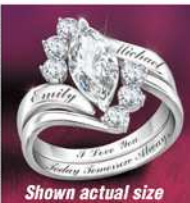
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MARK RYAN WINERY

DEAD HORSE CABERNET SAUVIGNON

BY RAPHIE ARONOWITZ

SOMETHING magical happened a few weeks ago. I woke up one morning to find my inbox flooded with emails from brand representatives who wanted to give me free stuff. Music stuff, hobby stuff, electronic stuff, clothing stuff, housewares stuff, videogame stuff...all kinds of stuff. It's mildly embarrassing that I didn't connect these totally-fucking-obvious dots sooner: I am the editor of a magazine. The magazine has an impressive and loyal fan base. The impressive and loyal fan base needs stuff. So, people who make their living creating and selling stuff want to send their stuff to me hoping that I will promote their stuff. It's a real racket.

Naturally, I turned my office into a grown-man toy store.

In the middle of my hoarding bender, I received a call from Mark Ryan Winery. They wanted to send me a few bottles of their Dead Horse wine stuff. *Send 'em on over, suckers!* When the wine arrived, I felt it was my duty to sample a bottle. At 11 A.M. On a Tuesday. In the office.

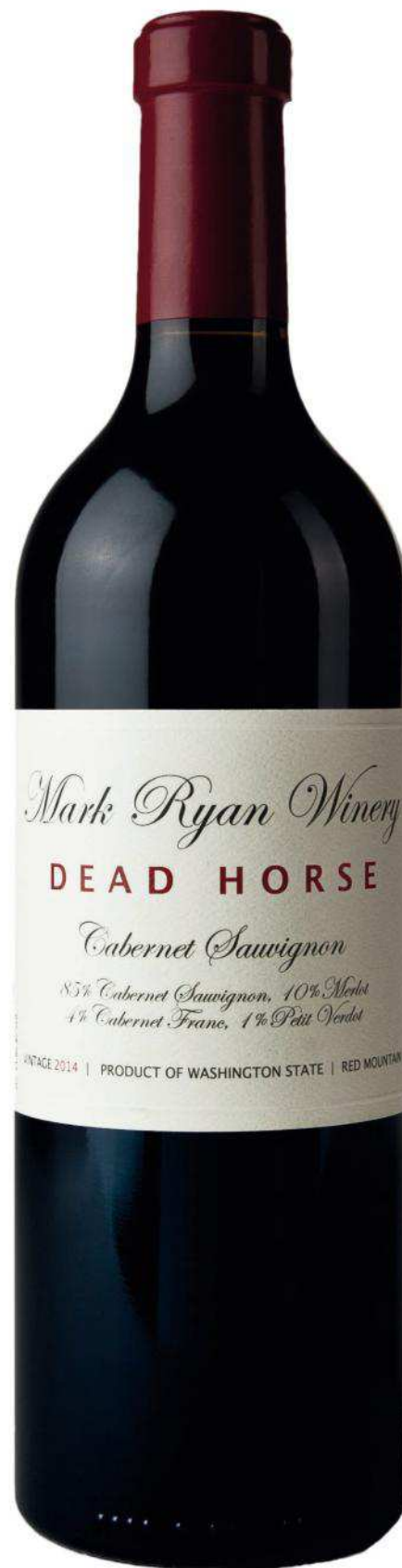
The wine was delicious, but I was passed out under my desk by noon.

I'm a booze guy, but not necessarily a wine guy. Hell, I didn't even know they grew wine in Washington State. Apparently it's a great climate for reds, but that's just some shit *Penthouse* CFO Don Slaughter told me after I answered his question, "Why are you wearing a boa and running through the hallway with a loaded Nerf gun?" As if I was the one who scheduled a walk-through with the financial consultants that day.

Dead Horse is a solid drink. It mellows with each sip, making it an easy wine to abuse. However, it maintains its complexity, striking a beautiful harmony with hints of licorice and spices that are counterbalanced with a soft and subtle burst of fruitiness that delights the palate. (Gratuitous confession: I, too, have been accused of possessing a soft and subtle burst of fruitiness that delights the palate, but only when over-served.) This enchanter also packs a powerful punch with its 15 percent alcohol by volume.

Oh, Dead Horse, you rode me hard and retired me early, but I can never stay mad at you. You're just too damn delicious. OT 12

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LATHER. RINSE. REPEAT.

NO one has ever called me a pretty boy, but I'm no slouch in the pussy department. I'm an aspiring MMA fighter (my ears are a dead giveaway), but training and nutrition costs money so I have a few side gigs that help pay the bills. The other day my buddy called with an opportunity that sounded way easier than the usual security shit I do. Cody works for a catering company in the city, and two of his servers had bailed last minute.

I showed up to the job in the standard uniform of black pants and white shirt. Boss lady waved me over and introduced herself, then gave me a rundown of what I had to do: walk around and serve the

guests appetizers and drinks, keep my tray filled and my area clean, and try not to scare anyone (what can I say, I'm 6'3" and look like a fucking monster).

The event was packed, and as the night wore on, many guests lost their inhibitions with all the free-flowing booze and whatever else was being passed around. I couldn't walk from one end of the room to the other without my ass being pinched, poked, or patted by some intoxicated woman. A perk of the job, I guess.

One of them—a hot blonde—was particularly handsy. She had a short pixie cut and an athletic figure, which is just my type. She wore sky-high black stiletto heels and a white form-fitting cocktail dress that hugged her bouncy round ass and perfectly perky ice-cream-scoop breasts. Blondie's body was toned and tan, with not an ounce of body fat. She was with

a group of people, but she paid far more attention to me, patting my ass whenever I walked by. I made sure to walk by a lot.

We kept sight of each other all night, and stayed connected with a secret smile here and a silly expression there. She made first contact. "Hi," she said. "I'm Sara." Damn, her raspy voice sounded sexy.

I breathed in her clean scent and responded, "Dylan."

"Do you have plans when you're done here, Dylan?"

I had training in the morning, so I told her I was planning to go home.

"You sure you don't want to hang out later?" she asked. Then Sara slipped her card into my hand and told me to call her when I finished work.

I called her later and she told me to come to her apartment. I took a taxi there, buzzed in, and found my way to her unit. Her door was half open so I gave a light knock as I sheepishly made my way inside. Sara was standing in the hallway completely naked. "You wanna wash up with me?" I honestly couldn't think of anything better.

I followed her to the shower, which was big and had a ton of girl products in it. She grabbed a bottle, squirted some shit into her hands, rubbed them together, and started to wash me head-to-toe. Sara's fingers investigated every inch of my body, teasing me until I couldn't take it any longer.

I swung her around so she faced away from me. She spread her hands on the slick tile and arched her back, pushing her slippery ass into my cock, which was pulsing with anticipation. I grabbed the base of my shaft and pushed it into her tight, wet hole. She moaned as I slid deeper and deeper inside of her.

"Damn, you feel amazing," she whispered.

"Your pussy is so fucking tight," I said as I broke her in, thrusting harder, faster, and deeper.

I smashed her from behind, holding her hips and pulling her into me with every stroke. Every once in a while I would give her ass a good smack, and she would giggle and say, "Fuck me, daddy."

Fuck me, daddy... I loved hearing that! I grabbed her hair, pulled her head back,



“

**I SMASHED HER
FROM BEHIND,
HOLDING HER HIPS
AND PULLING HER
INTO ME.**

”

and gently bit her neck as I railed her with everything I had. Sara pushed against me and begged me to fuck her harder as my cock and her cunt made sloshing suction noises. It was sloppy, wet sex at it's best.

Sara's body started to shake and a loud moan filled the bathroom as she came hard. I could feel the walls of her pussy milking my prick with every wave that washed over her. It pushed me over the edge, and I pulled out and sprayed my come on her back, her ass, and in her hair. Good thing we were already in the shower. A few minutes later, we were ready for round two.

—Dylan, New York City

HOMEcoming

IT was Thanksgiving break and I pulled into the station after a seven-hour bus ride home. I got picked up at the station by my mom, who just about died at how different I looked: longer hair, “freshman 15,” and a tattoo she'd never see (though I worried that she *sensed*). I proceeded to go home and get totally stuffed on some very non-Thanksgiving pierogies (I'm part of a very large and loud Polish family). My dad and brothers and I drank beer and played cards until about 11, and then everybody but me passed out.

Just like I'd planned.

I'd come back to Ohio on a mission. Within 17 days of getting to school in late August, I'd lost my virginity to a cute sophomore named Laura. She would study on this hill outside my dorm every afternoon, and I'd find myself staring at the outline of her panties under her dress. She always wore flower-print dresses, but the one day she



wore a miniskirt I just about lost my mind. I ran down that hill to talk to her, using the excuse that I thought she was in my Women's Studies class (even though the school didn't offer one). We hit it off and, in a very businesslike exchange, she was back in my room in about 45 minutes, her plump, freshly-shaved lacrosse-team pussy clamping onto my dick.

Was it great? Of course it was. Best four minutes of my life. At that point, I didn't know what bad sex was because I'd never even had sex.

After Laura there was Emily, Margot, Susan, and Ruth (thank you, fraternity

system). Somewhere around Ruth I thought, *Jesus, I owe Laura an apology*. So in late October I took Laura out for a nice dinner and asked her if I could try again and, you know, last for more than four minutes this time. She said yes.

By Thanksgiving break I was, by most accounts, fairly good at sex. More than that, I was no longer shy. And my mission was thus to find some of the girls I'd had unrequited crushes on in high school and fuck the living shit out of as many of them as I could.

So, after everyone had gone to bed, I started up my ancient car and drove its

wheezing, unregistered chassis through my small town, stopping first (and last, it turns out) at an Irish bar by the river. A friend of my brother's was at the door and another was tending bar. I made as little small talk as necessary, because at the end of the bar was Sharon. Sharon was a friend of my sister's, and about two years older than me. Yes, we were both still technically under 21 and shouldn't have been in the bar in the first place, but between Sharon and me, we have five cops in our immediate families. I sat down next to her and asked if she was okay being seen with a younger man.

"Derek?" she said (not one woman recognized me at first sight the entire weekend), and threw her arms around me. Sharon was the kind of girl who would beat up the guys who picked on her little brothers, and she had a tough-girl's taut sexiness and an amazing set of tits, which she did not feel shy about pressing into me as the hug turned into an inappropriate drunken hello kiss.

"Holy shit," I said, all of my collegiate bravado gone as my cock sprang up in the warm air around her tits, the smell of her leather jacket, the perfume on her neck, and the beer on her breath.

"Who you fucking?" she said.

"Well, there's somebody at school that I—" I began, but Sharon was like, "You showed up at midnight on Thanksgiving weekend and you're all alone...."

She had my number. I had no doubt she picked that very spot at the bar to draw someone's eye immediately upon walking in the door.

"Okay," I said, "*we're* fucking."

I told my brother's bartender friend to put her drinks on my tab and he just laughed, because neither one of us had ever paid for alcohol at that bar. We finished our drinks and headed home to her place.

Sharon was back from school, too, and was staying in a room above the garage at her family's house. I knew it well. "The Fonzie Room" was where we'd go smoke pot when one of Sharon's many relatives wasn't occupying it. The place didn't look much different from the way it had a few years before, but now it definitely had a getting-down-to-business vibe.



Sharon and I had been making out at every spotlight (both of them) on the way there, and by the time we hit the stairs to her room I was having difficulty walking. When we got inside she pulled my dick out of my pants and just engulfed it with her mouth and hands. The fact that she had been a senior when I was a sophomore, the fact that she was one of my sister's friends, and the fact that I had been in this very room six years before taking my first tentative bong hit, was really exciting to me.

I pulled Sharon up by her thick black hair and pushed her, legs spread, onto the bed. I yanked off her denim skirt and marveled for a while at the pink pussy lip peeking out of her panties, as if she'd deliberately moved them aside.

I think I damaged her bra getting it off (okay, so I'm not that suave just yet), but soon we were naked and sweaty despite the November chill, and pounding away with the soles of her feet pressed against my ears.

As I got closer to coming, I felt Sharon's practiced pussy clenching and unclenching as she passed her first orgasm and was rounding toward her second (thanks, Emily).

"Pull out and come in my mouth," she said, and though that was not my first choice, 15 seconds later I did. I pulled out and she immediately switched positions

to all fours and took half my load in her face, then slowly, lovingly, milked my cock of the rest.

"Jesus Christ," I said, falling back. "Where did you learn to do that?"

"First month of college," she said.

We fucked two more times during that break, before we went back to our respective schools. She studied for several months in Italy and I haven't seen her in a while, but she tells me she's coming home for summer.

—D.L., *Dublin, OH*

NETFLIX AND CHILL

KRISTEN and I have known each other since we were in high school. I never really looked at her in a sexual way when we were younger, but 15 years later it's a different story.

Over the years, she and I would occasionally catch up over lunch, but she always seemed to be in a relationship whenever I was single or vice versa. Kristen is a gorgeous, full-breasted redhead who has no shortage of guys trying to get into her pants.

About two months ago, Kristen texted me to ask if I knew of any vacancies in my apartment complex. She had just broken

“
**SHE SPREAD
HER SWEET NECTAR
ALL OVER THE HEAD
OF MY COCK AND
LICKED IT OFF.**
”

up with her boyfriend and needed a place ASAP. *Hmmm*, I thought. *Kristen had broken up with her boyfriend and I was actually single?*

She and I became neighbors in less than a week, and I found myself seeking her out more and more. At first it was because I was lonely and horny, but I genuinely liked her too. We started having regular dinner-and-movie nights where she would drone on about her ex. I didn't want to screw up our relationship, but I was quickly getting caught up in the dreaded "friend" zone.

One evening, Kristen showed up at my apartment a vision of perfection: tight tank top, short shorts, a six-pack of beer, and chips. "You want to watch a movie or something?" she asked. Of course I did.

There was an awkward silence as Kristen sat in her usual spot on the couch. Suddenly I realized that I was still standing at the door and just staring at her, lost in the fantasy of making a move. I was frozen with paranoia that she knew what I was thinking and that I had just made things weird.

"Hey, dumbass. Are you gonna keep standing there looking stupid or are you gonna make a move?"

Wait. What? Kristen stood up and walked toward me without breaking eye contact. Slowly (and thankfully) I managed to get the front door closed as she dropped to her knees and pulled my pants down around my ankles. Without hesitation, she leaned forward and licked a drop of pre-come beading on the tip of my rock-hard dick. "Yum," she murmured.

My mind was totally blown. How the fuck had she known what I was thinking?

I moaned as Kristen took my dick into her mouth and created enough suction

to make a vacuum cleaner blush. She sucked and licked and deep-throated my manhood, then slid her fingers into her shorts to get them slick with pussy juice. She spread her sweet nectar all over the head of my cock and licked it off.

Kristin took the base of my cock in both of her hands, then began stroking my shaft in a twisting motion while working the head with her mouth. Her coordinated and expert hand and tongue action brought me to the brink. More than anything, though, I wanted to fuck her.

I pulled Kristen to her feet and gave her a deep open-mouthed kiss. My fingers tickled the outline of her nipples through her shirt, and I felt them get hard as I gently pinched and squeezed. She moaned louder with each squeeze and pulled off her shirt. I guided her to the couch and pushed her down on it, unbuttoning her shorts and yanking them off as quickly as I could. She was shaved, pink, wet, and wonderful.

I climbed on top of her and guided my dick into her slippery pussy. She was

so tight I could feel her walls clenching around my cock. "Fuck me, fuck me hard," she gasped.

I started thrusting into her at a punishing pace. I'd never fucked a girl who got this wet this quick, and it was amazing. I could feel my orgasm building as my balls began to tighten and pull up, but I wanted Kristen to get off at the same time. I reached down and put pressure on her clit with my thumb ... just enough to bring on her release.

Within seconds, I could feel Kristin's body start to quake. It was a 9.0 catastrophic on the Fucktor scale. "I'm gonna come, too!" I shouted. We both came together so loudly that my neighbor started pounding on the adjoining wall. I collapsed on top of her—a hot, panting, sweaty mess of sex and musk.

After a few moments, Kristen quipped, "So can we finally watch the fucking movie now?" A second passed and we erupted into the kind of laughter that can only be shared by friends who fuck.

—Joe C. Taylor, *MI*



PETTING ZOO


BY SAM PHILLIPS



RYAN KEELY

JUNE 1993 Pet of the Month Sam Phillips catches up with Ryan Keely, our Pet from October, 2009.

5 THINGS I FOUND OUT ABOUT RYAN:

1. "I once smuggled Mexican food into France."
2. "I only wear makeup when I'm getting paid or getting laid."
3. "I have a third nipple. It gives me strange sexual powers."
4. "Some people think about what celebrity they would bang, or which historical figure they would want to have dinner with. I just want to do cocaine with Bill Clinton."
5. "I'm a licensed esthetician and I love waxing. Can't seem to stay away from other people's vaginas." 



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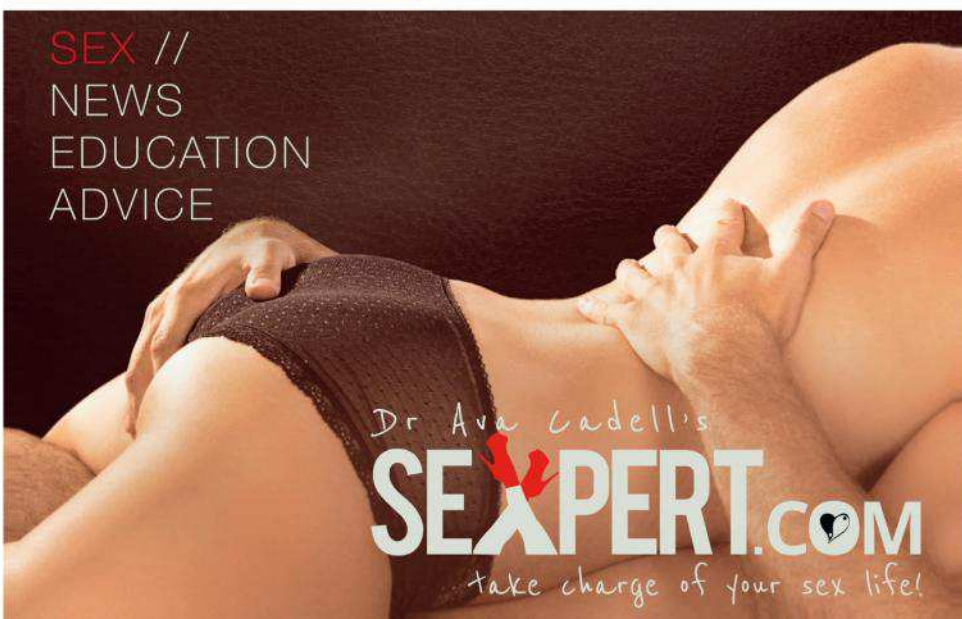
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HIPPIE SHIT

BY DAVE CARNIE

ALL hippie children poop outside. I'm no scientist, and I have no idea how theories work, but that's my theory. Plus, I have supporting evidence.

I should mention that I have nothing against hippies, and I even consider myself to be part hippie (although I've never taken an ancestry test). I just *think* that I'm part hippie. I read Phil Lesh's autobiography recently, for instance. Worst book ever.

Anyway: Natalie. Natalie is a white girl with dreadlocks that I met at a party. I took a liking to her because even though most people frowned on her Chewbacca locks, she wore them anyway (because it's her life and fuck you).

Natalie regaled us with stories of growing up in a hippie household as "a wild little girl," where she was encouraged to celebrate her bodily functions. Natalie would, for instance, poop and pee whenever and wherever she liked.

"Sometimes," she said with a mischievous grin, "I would poop outside! Like a dog!"

This remark triggered a memory: *By God! I've seen hippie children pooping outside like dogs myself!* As evidence, I offered my own story.

The five boys were huddled around a small hole they had dug in the sand. They looked up at Father, frightened. I was impressed because they had been there only a few minutes and already they had killed something.

"Goddamnit!" the father said loudly, kicking sand all over his children. He expressed his disappointment further by walking in a tight, aggressive circle with his hands on his hips.

Then it was Mother's turn to go crazy.

"Are you wearing sunscreen!?" she screeched at the youngest, a scrawny ginger boy on the outskirts of his centurion brothers. The boy's terrified expression was proof enough. "He's not wearing sunscreen!" Mother screamed. I'm not exaggerating; she was screaming. I wondered how she would react in a real emergency.

Mother had barely finished slathering the ginger's weak, pale body with a layer of cream when Father announced it was time to go. "We're going to be stranded by the tide," Father explained. "We have to go. Now!" They had been there 15 minutes. Mother was the only member of the family who didn't protest. (It was, at the time, an outgoing tide.)

TOMMY PALERMO IS AN ANNOYING, SELF-CENTERED BOOB WHO IS A BIZARRE MIXTURE OF JOCK AND HIPPIE. HE DOES YOGA, HE MEDITATES, AND HE GIVES WOMEN MESSAGES AND HERPES.

It had been a busy week, so Tania (m'lady) and I headed to the beach to enjoy a quiet afternoon getaway. It was lovely, very relaxing, but the calm was soon interrupted by a variety of intrusions. Before I get to the pooping hippie children, I'd like to describe the family that came before in order to illustrate that so called "normal" people are just as weird, if not weirder, than hippies.

A normal American family—mother, father, and five young boys—arrived and parked themselves a little closer to us than necessary. There was a half mile of coastline with nary a person around and they decided to set up 20 feet from us. I was deeply disappointed by the tumult they brought to our peaceful little corner of the beach, but within minutes I was delighted by their presence: This was entertainment because these people are nuts. The father, for instance, had a meltdown when the boys crucified a sand flea.

"You didn't poke that crab with the stick did you!?" he asked, aghast.

Now, on to the pooping hippie children.

Quiet returned briefly to the shore until a flock of foreigners in tuxedo T-shirts arrived, set up camp on the other side of us, and started smoking cigarettes. I knew they were foreigners because they were all wearing tacky designer jeans, the women were in heels, and the men were shellacked in cologne.

Amid the foreigners were three children chasing each other in circles. Suddenly, one of them, a girl, stopped, squatted, pulled the crotch of her bathing suit aside, and started peeing. She was about ten feet from us, not far from the sand-flea crucifixion. The girl was sort of curled in a ball with her head between her legs watching the urine dribble out of her vagina and down her thighs. I'm pretty sure I'm not supposed to watch urine dribbling out of a little girl's vagina, but I had no choice.

"Parents?" I asked aloud.

It soon became clear that the three wild children were not part of the foreign delegation. What was even more peculiar was that Tania recognized the feral children.

"Oh my God," Tania said, "that girl looks like Tommy Palermo's daughter."

Tommy Palermo (not his real name) is a friend of a friend. Before I could remark on this surprising comment, Tania said, "Holy shit! And that boy looks like Tommy Palermo's son!"

Just then we heard screaming from the ocean.

"Woo! All right! Yeah!" It was Tommy fucking Palermo. He was splashing around in the breakwater, letting everyone know that he had arrived and that the Pacific Ocean was cold, yet very refreshing.

"Ah, fuck," Tania said, "it's Tommy Palermo."

Ah, fuck indeed. Tommy Palermo is an annoying, self-centered boob who is a bizarre mixture of jock and hippie. He loves college football, but he also likes hugging people and talking about "this mystery we call life, brother." He is fond of calling people "brother." He does yoga, he meditates, and he gives women massages and herpes. And we now know that he is also a hippie parent with wild children.

Fortunately, he didn't see us, so we did our best to disguise ourselves. I handed Tania a sandwich from the cooler. "Here. Hide behind this before he sees us," I said.

The Palermo family had settled down between us and the beach parking lot. Our peaceful getaway had turned into a hostage situation. We were trapped. Tania buried her face in her towel and I pulled my hat down low.

My hat was not low enough, however, to eclipse my view of a Palermo boy stomping around in front of me. He paused when he came to the hole where the sand flea had been executed. After a moment of reflection, he dropped his trunks to his ankles, squatted over the hole, and pooped. It was a big poop. It looked like he gave birth to Shaq's left arm.

"Tommy Palermo's kid just took a shit on the beach," I said.

The Palermo boy looked at me while he struggled to pull his shorts up. His lil' penis was sticking out. He smiled. Then he ran off all higglety pigglety, celebrating his bodily functions.

"Wooo! Pay attention to me!" Tommy Palermo blathered from the ocean. "Derrr!"

"Should we run for it?" Tania said.

We looked at Tommy flopping around in the waves, totally absorbed by the mysteries of his cosmos. Then we looked at the open expanse of Tommy Palermo-less beach between us and our car. There was poop in a hole. We nodded to each other. "Go!" Tania said.

So: Natalie pooped outside. Tommy fucking Palermo's son pooped outside. Therefore, my conclusion is that all hippie children poop outside. Like dogs. ☯





ISABELLA ARDIGO

PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH: APRIL 1979

PENTHOUSE PET OF THE YEAR: 1979

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I laid her on her back and expressed strokes of oral fondness to her sweet shaven flower which she seemed to be enjoyably sensitive to. I softly licked and gently sucked the magic emanating from her smooth flowery pedals and applied both simultaneously to budding style until she wriggled away.



After sipping some champagne, she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, this young thing oozed sexuality.



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